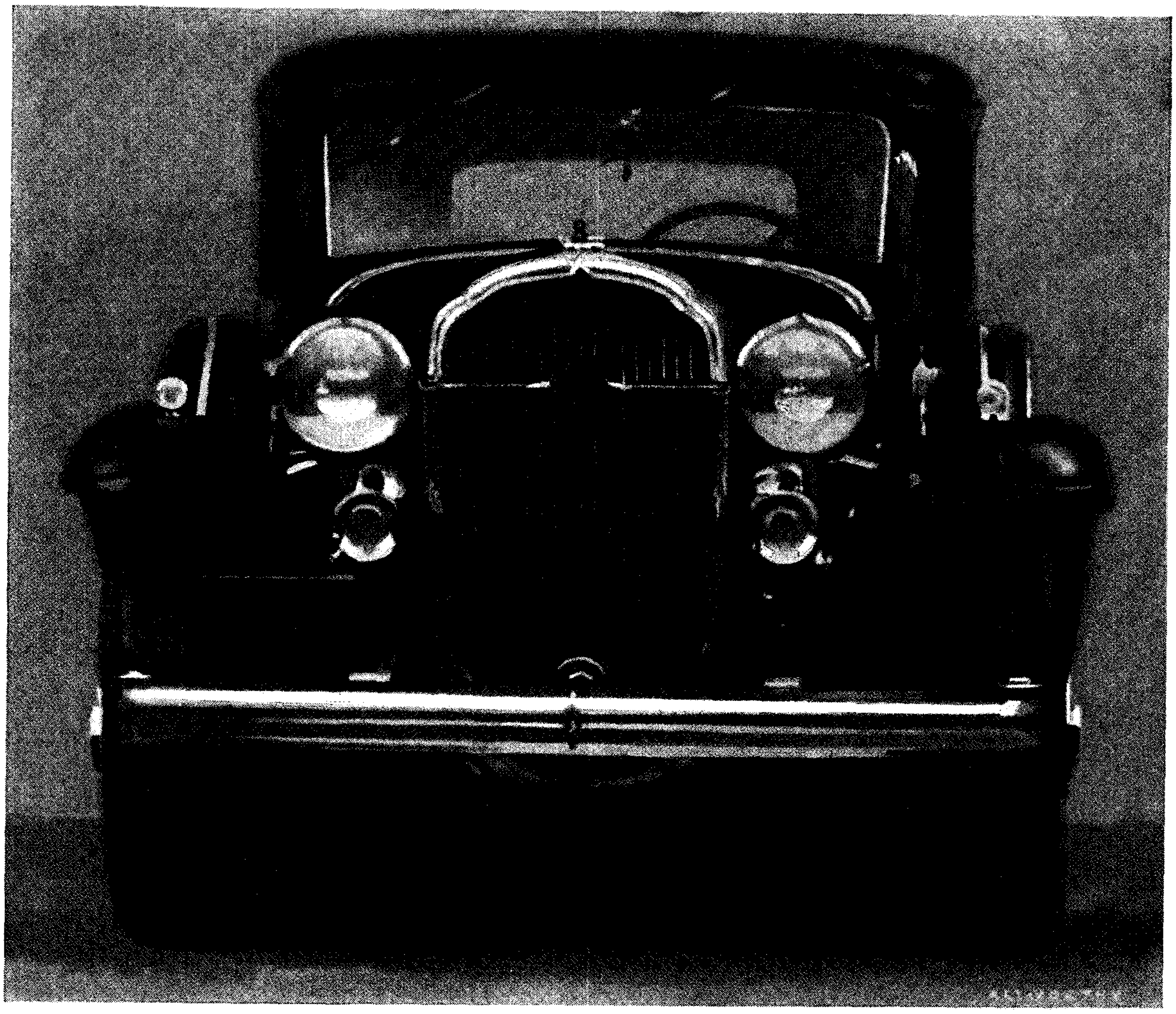
★ Dec. 26, 1931

THE NEW YORKER

Price 15 cents

THE OUTSTANDING BUICK OF ALL TIME



Product of General Motors   *Body by Fisher*

BUICK
FOR
1932

HERE is the distinguished "face" of the new Buick for 1932. A magnificent new friend — yet basically the same honest, dependable friend you've known for years.

It is a familiar sight on boulevard and highway even now. For Buick engineers and craftsmen have made Buick for 1932 the outstanding Buick of all time. And the motorists of America are according it the most enthusiastic welcome any new Buick ever received.

Men and women will talk for months to come of the many vital advancements in this car which so faithfully fulfills the Buick pledge: "When better automobiles are built, Buick will build them."

The newly-styled, newly-beautified Bodies by Fisher — modernized in lines, colors, upholsterings, appointments — the most luxurious Buick bodies ever created.

The Wizard Control, greatest achievement since the self-starter—combining new Automatic Clutch, Free Wheeling and Silent-Second Syncro-Mesh Transmission — imparting wonderful new ease and pleasure to driving.

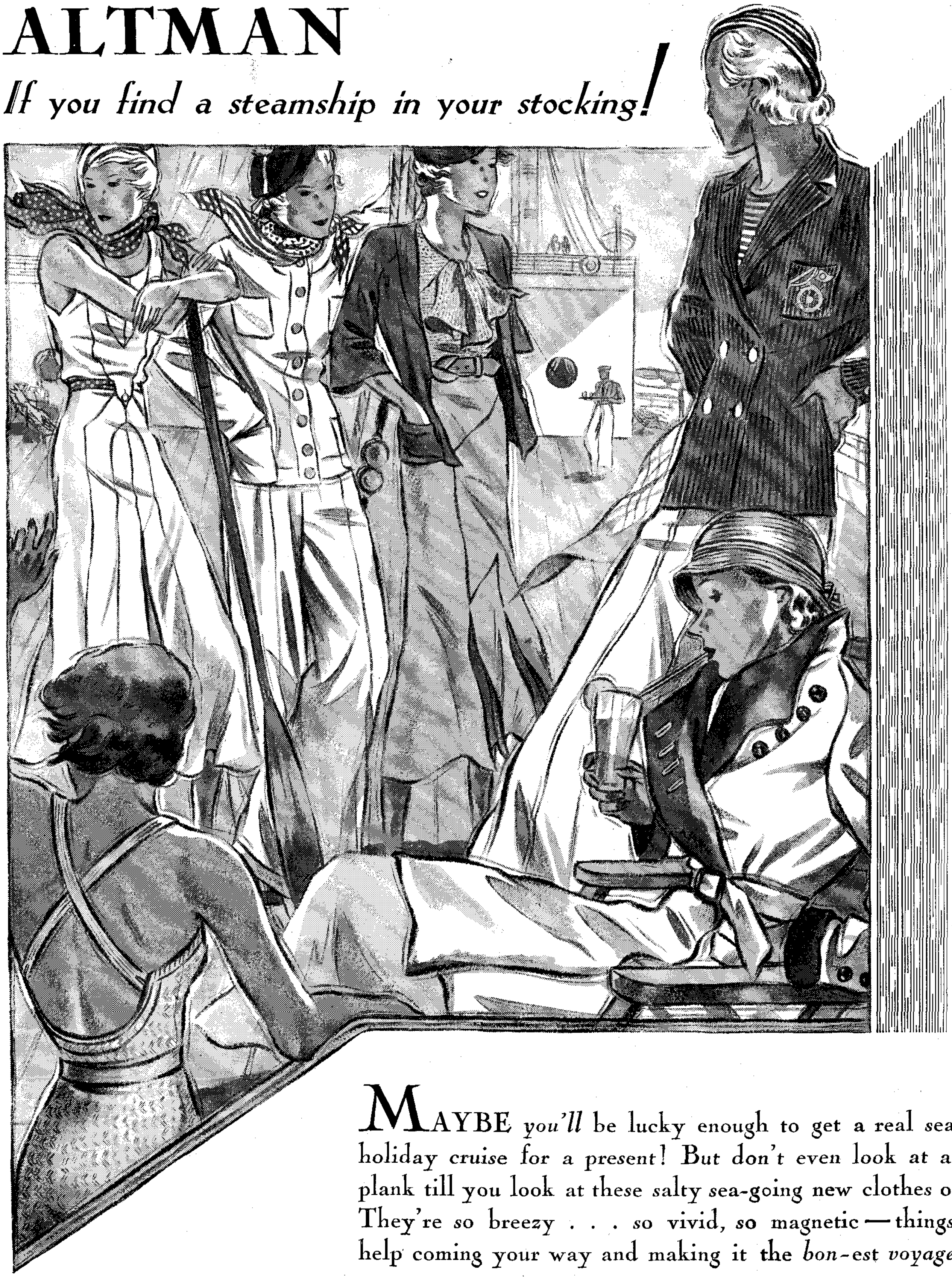
The new Buick Valve-in-Head Straight Eight Engine (high compression optional without extra cost), introducing an entirely new order of fleet, smooth, virile performance.

The New Ride Regulator — permitting such precise adjustment of shock absorbers that the driver may choose his ride to suit road conditions, number of passengers and car speed.

Most pleasing of all to Buick is the fact that this nationwide preference is extending to new thousands of families, including those of unlimited means as well as those in modest circumstances. America is agreed that this new Buick, with twenty-six luxurious models at new low prices, $935 to $2055, f.o.b. Flint, Michigan, is the Eight with *Everything* — for *Everybody.*

ALTMAN

If you find a steamship in your stocking!



MAYBE *you'll* be lucky enough to get a real sea-going holiday cruise for a present! But don't even look at a gangplank till you look at these salty sea-going new clothes of ours. They're so breezy . . . so vivid, so magnetic — things can't help coming your way and making it the *bon*-est *voyage* ever!

Bermuda — the Mediterranean — the West Indies (or any other Indies) never saw such clothes at such prices!

SOUTHERN WEAR — THIRD FLOOR

the imported bathing suit	$12.75
the one-piece linen dress	12.50
the coat and slacks	19.75
the two-piece suit dress	19.75
the corded knit jacket	9.75
with flannel skirt	3.95
and striped mariner sweater and cap	3.75
the three-quarter coat	25.00

Of course, we'll arrange the cruise, too, if you want. Altman-Cook's has them for sale at all prices and for all destinations . . . Sixth Floor.

B. ALTMAN & CO.
FIFTH AVENUE AT 34th STREET
White Plains *East Orange*

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, DECEMBER 25, THROUGH SATURDAY, JANUARY 2.]

THE THEATRE

(Unless otherwise noted, it is assumed that curtains will rise at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M. Matinées on Saturdays and as listed below. E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

THE BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE STREET—Katharine Cornell and those lovely Victorian costumes in a drama of the old triangle—Elizabeth Barrett, Robert Browning, and the misunderstanding father. (Empire, B'way at 40. Mat. Wed.)

BRIEF MOMENT—Marriage *à la mode,* which means divorce, with considerable repetition which detracts from the essential cleverness of the thing. Francine Larrimore, Louis Calhern, Robert Douglas, Alexander Woollcott, and others form an attractive cast. (Belasco, 44, E. 8:40 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW—Paul Muni very dynamic in a play about a successful lawyer who dodged his Nemesis. (Plymouth, 45, W. 8:20 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

CYNARA—How a nice, decent guy can be made to look like a bounder by one infidelity which he didn't particularly want. A good play, well done by Philip Merivale, Phoebe Foster, and Adrianne Allen. (Morosco, 45, W. 8:45 P.M. Mats. Wed. and New Year's Day, 2:40 P.M.)

THE GOOD FAIRY—Helen Hayes as a Molnár pixie, having some fun with several gentlemen in an airy, amusing way, Walter Connolly, among others. (Henry Miller, 43, E. 8:50 P.M. Mats. Thurs. and New Year's Day, 2:40 P.M.)

THE LEFT BANK—A couple who have been living the free life of Montparnasse decide to split on the issue of going home. Elmer Rice's play, with Katherine Alexander, Horace Braham, and Donald Macdonald. (Little, 44, W. 8:50 P.M. Mat. Wed. 2:40 P.M.)

LITTLE WOMEN—Holiday revival of the Alcott classic, pleasing to child and parent. Cast includes Lee Patrick, Jessie Royce Landis, Joanna Roos, and Peg Entwistle. Presented at matinées only, every Mon., Tues., Thurs., and Fri. (Playhouse, 48, E.)

LOUDER, PLEASE!—The publicity side of the motion-picture business, which may sound a little excessive but which isn't. Lee Tracy is the guy who gets into all the trouble. (Masque, 45, W. 8:50 P.M. Mats. Christmas, Wed., and New Year's Day.)

MOURNING BECOMES ELECTRA—We might as well face it: this is O'Neill's greatest play and O'Neill is our greatest playwright. But don't blame us if you get tired along about nine-thirty. With Alice Brady, Alla Nazimova, Earle Larimore, Lee Baker, and Thomas Chalmers. (Guild, 52, W. Performances weekdays at 5:30 P.M.; dinner intermission of one hour at 7 P.M.)

NATIONAL JUNIOR THEATRE—An adult company in "Tom Sawyer" and "Treasure Island." "Tom Sawyer" opens Fri. Aft., Dec. 25, at 3:30; and plays Eves. of Dec. 25, 26, and 31, at 8:40; and Afts. of Dec. 29, 31, and Jan. 1, at 2:30. "Treasure Island" opens Sat. Aft., Dec. 26, at 3:30; and plays Eves. of Dec. 30, Jan. 1 and 2, at 8:40; and Afts. of Dec. 28 and Jan. 2, at 2:30. (Alvin, 52, W.)

REUNION IN VIENNA—Whirlwind seduction by an archduke made incredibly gay by Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne. (Martin Beck, 45, W. 8:40 P.M. Mats. Christmas, Thurs., and New Year's Day, 2:40 P.M.)

SPRINGTIME FOR HENRY—A private secretary almost, but not quite, reforms her employer. Fluffy farce, with spirited cast headed by Leslie Banks. (Bijou, 45, W. 8:50 P.M. Mats. Wed., 2:40 P.M.)

THE WIVES OF HENRY VIII—Cornelia Otis Skinner, all alone, skillfully portrays the six Tudor ladies. A sequence of sketches. (Avon, 45, W., through Sat. Eve., Dec. 26. Moves to Lyceum, 45, E. Sun. Eve., Dec. 27. Nightly at 8:50 P.M. Mat. Thurs. 2:45 P.M.)

WITH MUSIC

THE BAND WAGON—A super-show, produced and carried out with great skill, with practically nothing wrong and some marvellous things which are right. Fred and Adele Astaire, Helen Broderick, Tilly Losch, and Frank Morgan. (New Amsterdam, 42, W. Mat. Wed.)

THE CAT AND THE FIDDLE—Beautiful Jerome Kern music in a lovely production, but not much else. Perhaps one shouldn't ask for anything else. (Globe, B'way at 46. Mats. Wed., Thurs., and New Year's Day.)

CIVIC LIGHT OPERA COMPANY—Reopening Christmas Aft., "The Mikado" will be played through Sat. Eve., Jan. 2. (Erlanger, 44, W. Mats. Christmas and New Year's Day.)

GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS—One of the best of Mr. White's ventures. Ethel Merman, Willie and Eugene Howard, Everett Marshall, Rudy Vallée, and Ray Bolger. (Apollo, 42, W. Mats. Christmas and New Year's Day.)

THE LAUGH PARADE—Ed Wynn, and Ed Wynn as funny as you have ever seen him. The show is good, too. (Imperial, 45, W. 8:45 P.M. Mats. Tues., Wed., and New Year's Day, 2:45 P.M.)

●

VAUDEVILLE—The bill at the Palace headed by Eddie Cantor and George Jessel continues. (Palace, B'way at 47. 2:20 and 8:20 P.M. daily; extra performance Sun. at 5:20 P.M.)

OPENINGS OF NOTE

(Dates of openings should be verified, because of frequent late changes by managers.)

FATA MORGANA—Revival of the Ernst Vadja play, with Douglass Montgomery and Ara Gerald. Opens Fri., Dec. 25. (Royale, 45, W. 8:45 P.M.)

SENTINELS—A new play by Lula Vollmer, with Ben Smith, Elizabeth Love, and Owen Davis, Jr. Opens Fri., Dec. 25. (Biltmore, 47, W. 8:40 P.M.)

THE BRIDE THE SUN SHINES ON—A comedy by Will Cotton, with Dorothy Gish and Henry Hull. Opens Sat., Dec. 26. (Fulton, 46, W. 8:40 P.M.)

OF THEE I SING—A musical show by Kaufman, Ryskind, and the Gershwins, with Victor Moore, William Gaxton, and Lois Moran. Opens Sat., Dec. 26. (Music Box, 45, W. 8:30 P.M.)

BERLIN—A play by Valentine Williams and Alice Crawford, with Charles Richman, G. P. Huntley, Jr., and Charlotte Granville. Opens Mon., Dec. 28. (Cohan, B'way at 43. 8:40 P.M.)

HAY FEVER—Revival of Noel Coward's comedy, with Constance Collier heading the cast. Opens Tues., Dec. 29. (Avon, 45, W. 8:45 P.M.)

EXPERIENCE UNNECESSARY—A play adapted from the German by Gladys Unger, with Verree Teasdale and Walter Woolf. Opens Wed., Dec. 30. (Longacre, 48, W. 8:40 P.M.)

FOR CHILDREN

THE CHARLOTTE LUND OPERA CO.—"Hänsel und Gretel," Tues. Morn., Dec. 29, at 11. "Rip Van Winkle," Thurs. Morn., Dec. 31, at 11. (Town Hall, 43, E.)

CHILDREN'S MUSIC FESTIVAL—Guy Maier, pianist, in four unusually interesting programs, assisted by The Children's Chorus: Tues., Wed., Thurs., and Sat. Morns., Dec. 29, 30, 31, and Jan. 2, at 11. (Barbizon-Plaza, 6 Ave. at 58.)

THE CHILDREN'S PLAYERS—"Aladdin," Wed. Aft., Dec. 30, at 3. "The Reluctant Dragon," Thurs. Aft., Dec. 31, at 3. (Heckscher, 5 Ave. at 104.)

NEIGHBORHOOD PLAYHOUSE JUNIOR PLAYERS—"The Mummers' Revel and the Masque of the Apple," an English folk festival with music by Kurt Schindler, Mon. and Tues. Afts., Dec. 28 and 29, at 3. (Kauffman Auditorium, E. 92 at Lexington.)

TONY SARG'S MARIONETTES—"The Rose and the Ring," every Aft. (except Sun.) at 3. "Alice in Wonderland," Sat. Morns., Dec. 26 and Jan. 2, at 11. (Belmont, 48, E.)

NOTE—Also recommended are the special matinées of "Little Women;" and the performances of "Tom Sawyer" and "Treasure Island" by the National Junior Theatre. See listings under "PLAYS."

DANCE RECITALS

MARY WIGMAN—Another recital by the leading exponent of the modern German school: Sun. Eve., Dec. 27, at 8:30. (Carnegie Hall, 7 Ave. at 57.)

LA ARGENTINA—Return of the extraordinary Spanish dancer: Tues. Eve., Dec. 29, at 8:30. (Town Hall, 43, E.)

AFTER-THEATRE ENTERTAINMENT

*Better dress, but not obligatory.

CENTRAL PARK CASINO (Rhinelander 4-3034)—With Morton Downey's singing and Veloz and Yolanda's dancing as the main attractions. Music by Eddy Duchin's orchestra.*

CLUB DELMONICO, Hotel Delmonico, Park at 59 (Volunteer 5-2500)—An attractive room, with music by Paul Sabin and his orchestra.*

CLUB EL PATIO, 134 W. 52 (Circle 7-5575)—Emil Coleman's orchestra playing for a smart after-theatre crowd. Dances by Rosita and Ramon, and songs by Frances Maddux. Must dress.

CLUB RICHMAN, 157 W. 56 (Circle 7-3203)—High-hat Broadway; with George Olsen and his music.*

DELLA ROBBIA ROOM, Hotel Vanderbilt, Park at 34 (Ashland 4-4000)—Open for dancing until 12:30 A.M. (except Sun. and Mon.)*

GEORGIAN ROOM, Hotel Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (Regent 4-5901)—After-theatre dancing to music by Sherbo's Continentals.*

THE NEW LIDO, 240 W. 52 (Columbus 5-2806)—Where Frances Williams, Chick Endor and Charlie Farrell, and Charles Sabin and Mabelle Swor provide excellent entertainment. Henry King's orchestra.*

SEAGLADE, Hotel St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (Plaza 3-4500)—Undersea decorations and Vincent Lopez music. Dances by Elizabeth

(Continued on page 4)

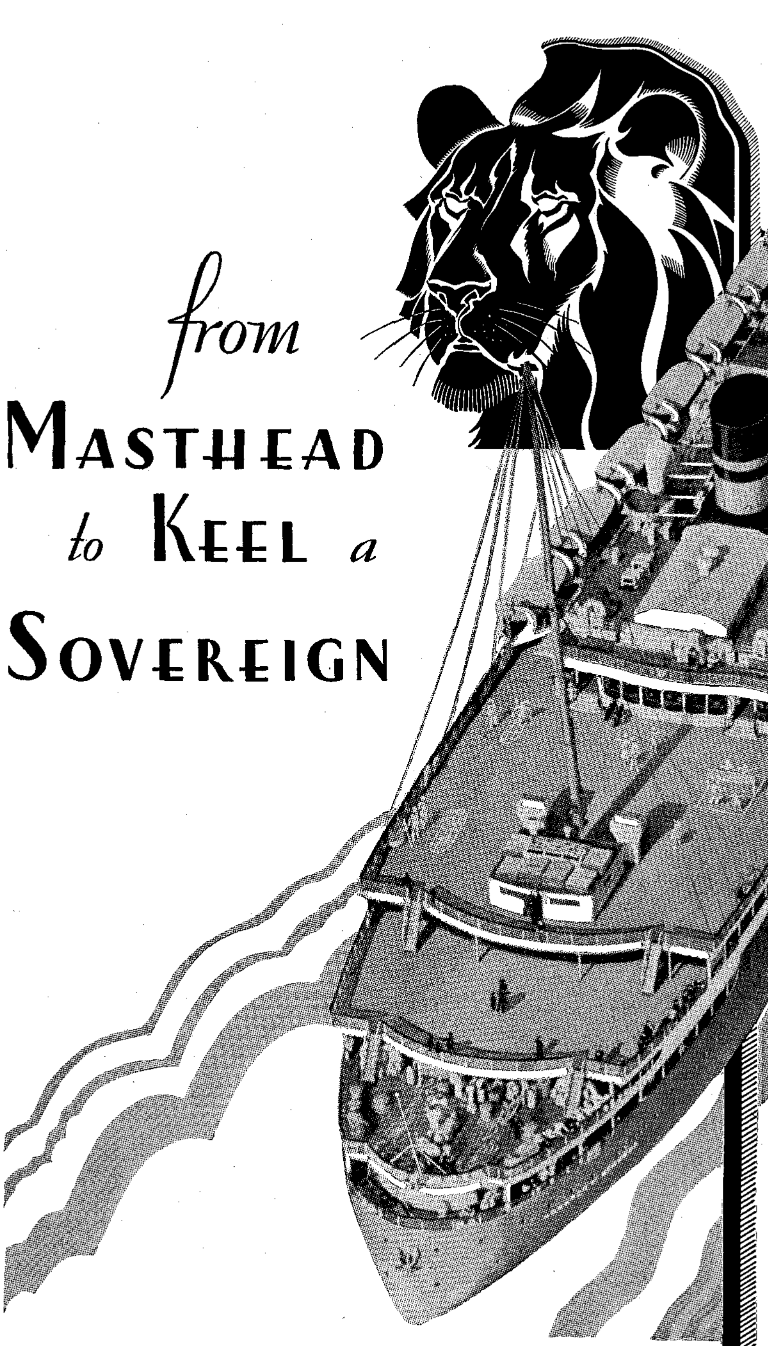
DEPARTMENTS IN THIS ISSUE

Page
THE THEATRE 24
SHOUTS AND MURMURS 28
THE WAYWARD PRESS 30
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE:
THIS AND THAT 40
COURT GAMES 44
MUSICAL EVENTS 46
THE ART GALLERIES 48
THE CURRENT CINEMA 49
BOOKS, BOOKS, BOOKS 53

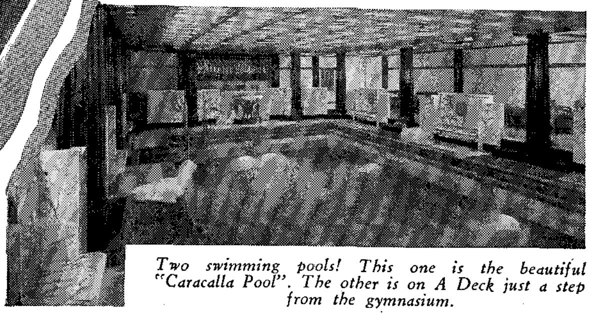
THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 45TH STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, BRYANT 9-6300
EDITORIAL OFFICES, BRYANT 9-8200

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by the F-R Pub. Corp., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, pres.; E. R. Spaulding, vice-pres.; C. E. Brindley, sec. and treas.; R. B. Bowen, adv. mgr. Subscription $5.00. Vol. VII, No. 45, December 26, 1931. Entered as second class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y. under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1931, by the F-R Pub. Corp.

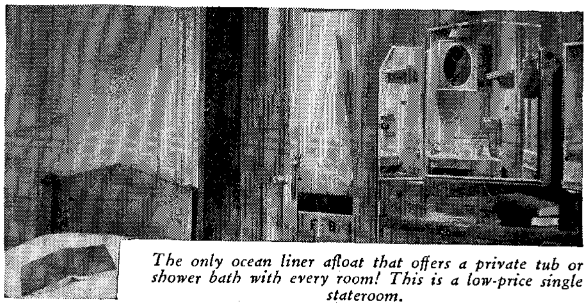
from MASTHEAD *to* KEEL *a* SOVEREIGN



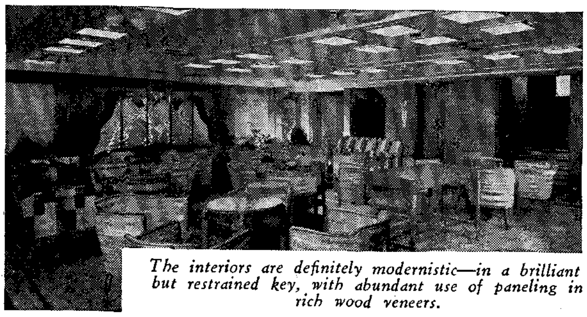
The "MONARCH *of* BERMUDA"



Two swimming pools! This one is the beautiful "Caracalla Pool". The other is on A Deck just a step from the gymnasium.



The only ocean liner afloat that offers a private tub or shower bath with every room! This is a low-price single stateroom.



The interiors are definitely modernistic—in a brilliant but restrained key, with abundant use of paneling in rich wood veneers.

THE only liner afloat that provides a private bath with every room! Yet the "Monarch of Bermuda" is the *thriftiest value* in ocean travel today.

Compare her luxurious accommodations—her "gym"—two swimming pools—vast games deck—and her two night-club cafes with music by Al Donahue. And then compare the price! Only $70 up, round trip, including bath.

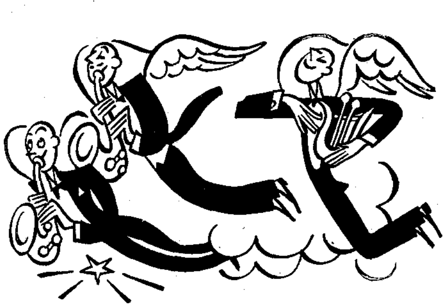
Truly a sovereign, with her 27,770 tons displacement and record-making speed! Enjoy her on your Bermuda trip—Furness leads the way.

Three sailings every two weeks on the "Monarch of Bermuda". For reservations apply any authorized tourist agent or Furness Bermuda Line, 34 Whitehall St. (where Broadway begins); 565 Fifth Ave., New York.

FURNESS *Leads the Way to* BERMUDA

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, DECEMBER 25, THROUGH SATURDAY, JANUARY 2.]



(Continued from page 2)

Morgan and Sedrano, beginning Wed., Dec. 30. Must dress.

Broadway Atmosphere—Two places that have elaborate revues, noisy Broadway crowds, and no cover charge: Paramount Hotel Grill, 235 W. 46 (Chickering 4-7580); and Hollywood Restaurant, B'way at 48 (Chickering 4-2572).

Harlem—The Cotton Club, Lenox Ave. at 142 (Bradhurst 2-7767), with Cab Calloway's band; and Connie's Inn, 7 Ave. at 131 (Tillinghast 5-6630), are two of the better places for first visitors not under expert guidance. Go late.

Greenwich Village—Barney's, 85 W. 3 (Spring 7-8191), has an uptown clientele, and is very good fun. . . . For informal and inexpensive evenings: The County Fair, 54 E. 9; The Blue Horse, 21 E. 8; The Four Trees, 1 Sheridan Sq.; and Mori's, 144 Bleecker. . . . If you're looking for something Spanish: El Chico, 80 Grove; and El Flamenco, 15 Barrow; both at Sheridan Sq.

Russian Motif—Cabaret Arbat, 201 W. 48, recently opened, with dance music by Ben Cutler's orchestra, and a show of the "Chauve-Souris" type. . . . The Russian Kretchma, 244 E. 14, featuring Russian food, and singing by Adia Kuznetzoff and Mme. Nicolina.

Notes on Dance Orchestras—Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians play in the Roosevelt Grill, Madison at 45 (Vanderbilt 3-9200).* . . . You will find Rudy Vallée and his band at the Pennsylvania Grill, 7 Ave. at 33 (Pennsylvania 6-5000). . . . Coon-Sanders and their Nighthawks are at the Terrace Restaurant, Hotel New Yorker, 8 Ave. at 34 (Medallion 3-1000).

MOTION PICTURES

Arrowsmith—The medical life, according to the Sinclair Lewis novel, made surprisingly dramatic. With Ronald Colman and Helen Hayes. (Gaiety, B'way at 46; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sun., 3, 5:45, and 8:45 P.M.)

Holiday Revivals—"Rango," Fri., Dec. 25, 2-6 P.M.; "Morocco," Sun., Dec. 27, 6-12 P.M.; "A Connecticut Yankee," Tues., Dec. 29, 2-6 P.M.; "Bad Girl," Tues., Dec. 29, 6-12 P.M.; "Royal Family of Broadway," Thurs., Dec. 31, 2-12 P.M. (Little Picture House, 151 E. 50.)

Monkey Business—The Marx Brothers again, and better than ever. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Tues. and Wed., Dec. 29 and 30; continuous from 1 P.M.)

Private Lives—The Noel Coward play transferred to the screen with a bright flair and with the Coward lines and songs. With Robert Montgomery and Norma Shearer. (Capitol, B'way at 51; continuous from 11 A.M.; through Wed., Dec. 30.)

The Unholy Garden—A lively Hecht-MacArthur study of some scamps in the Sahara, with Ronald Colman. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Sat. through Mon., Dec. 26-28; continuous from 1 P.M.)

Newsreel Theatres—A potpourri of current events for a quarter. Programs change Sat. Morn. (Embassy, B'way at 46; continuous from 10 A.M. to midnight. Trans-Lux, Madison at 58; and Trans-Lux, B'way between 49 and 50, entrance on the left; continuous from 11 A.M.)

For Children—Movies suitable for children will be shown every morning (except Sun.) at 10:30, Sat., Dec. 26 through Sat., Jan. 2. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison.)

The following, if you run across them, are also recommended: "Around the World in Eighty Minutes," Douglas Fairbanks in the kind of travelogue anyone would like; "The Battle of Gallipoli," this famous campaign described with truth and vigor; "The Guardsman," Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne at last on the screen in Molnár's comedy; "Strictly Dishonorable," a good picture of speakeasy life, especially for those who missed the play.

ART

Ancestors—Primitives by little-known and unknown Americans. Like it or not, the only art that America can claim as tradition: Downtown, 113 W. 13. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., through Dec. 31.

Modern—Some of the newer Americans and French, including Branchard, Gaulois, Hugo, Wiltz, Schary, and Driggs: L'Élan, 50 E. 52. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

O'Keeffe—This year's crop by one of America's most original woman painters: Stieglitz' An American Place, 509 Madison at 53. Opens Sun., Dec. 27, 3 to 5 P.M.; weekdays thereafter, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

Picasso—Paintings by the leader of the modernists, some borrowed and some new: Demotte, 25 E. 78. Open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., through Sat., Dec. 26.

Rivera—Probably the most important art of the season, by one of the world's best painters: Museum of Modern Art, 12th floor, Heckscher Bldg., 5 Ave. at 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; and Tues. and Wed. 8 to 10 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 6 P.M.

Since Cézanne—Paintings by Cézanne, Bonnard, Braque, Derain, Dufy, Matisse, Picasso, Van Gogh, and many other French: Valentine, 69 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M., starting Mon., Dec. 28.

Whitney—A beautiful new museum housing a permanent exhibit of the more recent Americans: Whitney Museum of American Art, 10 W. 8. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 6 P.M.

MUSIC

(Unless otherwise noted, performances begin at 3 and 8:30 P.M. Listing is chronological.)

RECITALS

Charles Naegele—One of our best young pianists: Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16, Sat. Eve., Dec. 26, at 8:15.

English Singers—Holiday joy: Town Hall, Sun. Eve., Dec. 27.

Victor Chenkin—Songs, with acting, expertly done: Guild Theatre, 52, W. of B'way, Sun. Eve., Dec. 27.

Artistic Morning—Nina Morgana, soprano; Robert Goldsand, pianist; and Alfred Wallenstein, 'cellist: Hotel Plaza, Tues. Morn., Dec. 29, at 11:30.

The Critics' Concert—Something indescribable, to be reviewed by a guest critic: Barbizon-Plaza, 6 Ave. at 58, Tues. Eve., Dec. 29.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Philharmonic-Symphony—Golschmann conducting: Carnegie Hall, Sun. Aft., Dec. 27. . . . Lange conducting: Thurs. Eve., Dec. 31, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., Jan. 1, at 2:30; Sat. Eve., Jan. 2, at 8:45.

Oratorio Society—"The Messiah," Stoessel conducting: Carnegie Hall, Tues. Eve., Dec. 29.

Don Cossack Russian Male Chorus—Jaroff conducting: Carnegie Hall, Wed. Eve., Dec. 30.

OPERA

Metropolitan—"Hänsel und Gretel" and "Pagliacci," Fri. Aft., Dec. 25, at 2; "Tannhäuser," Fri. Eve., Dec. 25, at 8; "Norma," Sat. Aft., Dec. 26, at 2; "La Gioconda," Sat. Eve., Dec. 26, at 8; Opera Concert, Sun. Eve., Dec. 27, at 8:30. (Schedule for other dates to be announced.)

Jack and the Beanstalk—Revival of the John Erskine and Louis Gruenberg opera, Albert Stoessel conducting: 44th Street Theatre, 44, W. of B'way. Eves. at 8:30, and Mats. daily at 2:30, through Sat., Jan. 2.

ON THE AIR

Metropolitan Opera—"Hänsel und Gretel," broadcast from the Metropolitan Opera House: Fri. Aft., Dec. 25, at 2, over WEAF and WJZ. . . . The last part of "Norma": Sat. Aft., Dec. 26, at 3:45, over WEAF.

Philadelphia Orchestra—Stokowski conducting: Sat. Eve., Dec. 26, at 8:15, over WABC.

Walter Damrosch—Directing Act I of "Lohengrin," in English, with soloists and orchestra: Sun. Aft., Dec. 27, at 1:15, over WJZ.

Philharmonic-Symphony—Golschmann conducting: Sun. Aft., Dec. 27, at 3, over WABC.

Lawrence Tibbett—Soloist in General Electric Program: Sun. Aft., Dec. 27, at 5:30, over WEAF.

Ernest Hutcheson—Pianist, with orchestra: Sun. Eve., Dec. 27, at 10:30, over WABC.

Toscha Seidel—Violinist, with orchestra: Mon. Eve., Dec. 28, at 10:30, over WABC.

Roth Quartet—With Vera Brodsky, pianist: Wed. Eve., Dec. 30, at 8:30, over WOR.

Rochester Civic Orchestra—Harrison conducting: Wed. Eve., Dec. 30, at 10, over WJZ.

Richard Crooks—Tenor soloist, in Maxwell House Hour: Thurs. Eve., Dec. 31, at 9:30, over WJZ.

G. K. Chesterton—Address on Charles Dickens, broadcast from London: Fri. Aft., Dec. 25, at 12:30, over WABC.

SPORTS

Boxing—At Madison Square Garden: Billy Petrolle vs. Billy Townsend, Wed. Eve., Dec. 30; preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.

Hockey—Professional games at Madison Square Garden, 8:30 P.M.—Americans vs. Rangers, Fri. Eve., Dec. 25; Rangers vs. Chicago, Sun. Eve., Dec. 27; Americans vs. Toronto, Tues. Eve., Dec. 29.

Amateur Hockey at Madison Square Garden, 8:45 P.M.—Yale vs. Toronto University, Sat. Eve., Jan. 2.

Indoor Polo—At Squadron A Armory, Madison at 94, Sat. Eve., Dec. 26: Squadron A vs. Essex Troop, at 9:30; Fairlawn vs. a team to be announced later, at 8:30.

ANTON BRUEHL

Shoes for every Southern activity...for scrambling along the slippery deck of a sloop with her nose slithering in foam...for snoozing on the beach...for watching the races...for waltzing under the big dreamy moon. Above is a typical tropical trio. Right, a new spectator sports model of soft white buck trimmed with brown calf, 14^{00}. Center, a smart pastel cutout, 12^{50}. Left, a swanky dress sandal in which you can dance all night without becoming footweary, 15^{50}. Dozens of smart town shoes, too, including many new evening sandals.

BONWIT TELLER
FIFTH AVENUE AT 56th STREET.

PHILADELPHIA
PARIS · LONDON
NEW YORK

SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK

Travelogue by Saks-Fifth Avenue

North-bound, south-bound, here are new sights to be seen, new adventures in fashion . . . Hawaiian bathing trunks, for instance — like brief accents in canvas . . . English swimming suits, their substance as rich as tweed . . . Suits for the snows, evening gowns for the south, tennis dresses in the new length . . . an ermine wrap with a collar like a hoop and puffed sleeves worn above the elbows . . . skating skirts, their circular hems weighted . . . Fashion sightseeing is rife in our three sources of fashion —

Sports Fashions
from the
Tally-ho Shops

Fifth
Floor
Fashions

The Debutante Shop
for
Debutante Fashions

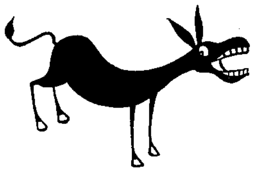
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

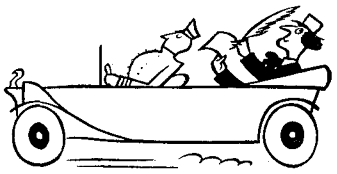
Notes and Comment

MOST thoroughly heartfelt of all Yuletide greetings are the cards one gets from speakeasies. Other people are apt to send funny, dirty, ironical, banal, intimate, or photographic Christmas cards; but not speakeasy proprietors—they send pictures of people going to church, holy sayings in Old English type, bright scenes with snow falling, cheery logs crackling, bobsleds drawn by two horses bringing in the Yule log. They wish you the season's joy in the old-fashioned way. There is no fooling. There is no nonsense. It is one of the things we like about speakeasy proprietors.

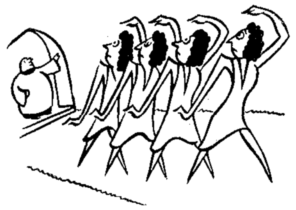
IN a contest conducted by the *Pathfinder* to get a slogan for the Democratic campaign of 1932, the prize-winning suggestion was "Hee, haw! We're coming back!" This is too involved a slogan. "Hee, haw!" refers to the Democratic donkey, and "We're coming back!" refers to the fact that the party has gone somewhere. Cluttery. The popular party next year will be not the party that parades an involved and aggressive bit of symbolism, but the party that shows utter resignation and the simplicity of disintegration. Instead of "Hee, haw! We're coming back!," what about "Ho, hum! Is this election year?"



WHILE all the rest of the world was slipping, poets have climbed steadily. The poets are the rich people. They have moved out of their cobwebby homes; it is the financiers who are now living in garrets. While railroads are passing dividends, poets are gaily singing the sadness of the day and getting their usual rates for it. We knew about this, but had never thought much about it until the other day, when a liveried chauffeur appeared in our office, bearing a note from one of our poets. The note was on Plaza stationery. "Will you give my chauffeur the two poems I sent you recently from Oyster Bay, in case you cannot use them," it said. The man stood there, cap in hand. We gave him not only the two poems written by his mistress, but all the others we could find around the place. "Take 'em away, big boy!" we said.



THE discontinuance of the rituals at St. Mark's-in-the-Bouwerie poses a nice question for Bishop Manning. The Bishop, you know, quit visiting the church some time ago on account of the Sunday-afternoon tableaux. He thought them not very—well, not very Episcopalian. This was a rift in the diocese. Now, Dr. Guthrie has had to give up the ritual dances and shows; not because he is knuckling under to the Bishop, but simply because the church hasn't the dough to stage the ceremonials. Our question is: Where does that leave the Bishop? St. Mark's, although again Episcopalian, has really gone into involuntary Episcopalianism. Does that rate a visit?



MAYOR WALKER's plan to go to Cuba to arbitrate the difference between President Machado and the revolutionary party reminds us that now would be the ideal time to get President Machado to come here for a meeting of the Board of Estimate. There is also a plan on foot to bring Tom Mooney east to establish permanent good-will between Colonel Lindbergh and his son.

ANYONE skilled in waggery and interested in perpetrating the Perfect Jape ought to take a room at the Hotel Taft. The Taft has adopted a new system: it gives away a book to every departing guest as a gesture of good-will. Very well then, our idea of the Perfect Jape would be to take a room, check out the next day, and when the clerk offered us the usual gift book, say: "I got a book already, thanks!" and hold up a Gideon Bible.

Banks

A YOUNG mother, shopping late for the tree, went into Wanamaker's to buy a china bank for her daughter. She wanted one of the old familiar kind in the shape of a pig, or a dog, or a cow, which every youngster of her day had owned. She found that most of the toy banks in Wanamaker's were on the cash-register principle with a bell to indicate amounts deposited. She looked all around for a china bank, and so did an uncertain salesgirl. The latter didn't seem to get the idea, and the mother made a lengthy explanation. A light came into the girl's eyes. "Oh, I know!" she said and, turning, shouted to a co-worker. "Say, Gert, have we got any more of those banks made like Coolidge's head?"

Departure of Mrs. Haight

AMONG the people who like to ride in big airplanes and dirigibles is Mrs. Anne L. Haight. She applied, but tardily, for a seat on the American Clipper on its first flight, with Lindbergh as pilot. She found that all thirty-three places had been booked. She determined to make it some way, however, and appealed to the offices of the American Express Company at 65 Broadway, asking if it wouldn't be possible for her to be stamped and shipped as mail. She pointed out, hopefully, that she weighed but a hundred and ten pounds. The Express Company received her request soberly and took it up with Washington. Washington ruled, also soberly, that as the Pan American Airways had no permit to carry livestock, Mrs. Haight could not be mailed. It happened that the ship was delayed a day or two, a passenger dropped out, and Mrs. Haight made the trip, as a person.

Fighting Man

WE have heard a touching story about President Hoover, who always, so help us, has our sympathy. It seems a gentleman of considerable importance arrived in Washington after a long trip over the country and called at the White House to talk to one of the secretaries about conditions. As he was about to leave, the secretary suggested that he have a talk with Mr. Hoover—the President wasn't doing anything in particular, was feeling rather low that day, a chat might do him good. Presently the gentleman was shown into Mr. Hoover's office. The First Man was obviously in the dumps, which he gets in occasionally, like other people. He was seated at his desk, his hands before him, his head down. He returned his visitor's greeting without looking up. The latter said something about his looking well. The President responded abruptly with a question:

"What's the matter with me?"

The visitor gasped. He said he didn't know of anything wrong with Mr. Hoover. Of course he had had some very bad breaks, but things were looking better and would pick up again.

"I know all that," said the President. "But what's the matter with *me?*"

The caller realized that Mr. Hoover wanted him to be frank. But he didn't know just what to say. He finally remarked: "I think you might fight more, Mr. President. I think if you put up a fight the people would respond."

Hoover meditated over this and then finally said: "Yes, but what will I fight about?"

Edtr Tlphn Bk

BY dint of playing our cards right, we have succeeded in meeting a gentleman we have always wanted to know, a confrere, the editor of the largest and most widely circulated book in the city. He is a Mr. Brown, it turns out. He gets out the Manhattan telephone directory—1,160 pages last edition, circulation 1,408,000 net paid. He is a pleasant, smallish gentleman, who laughs at his editorial duties, saying that primarily he is a telephone man. He had other duties with the Telephone Company before he was put on directory work in 1918. In those days the telephones of all the boroughs were listed in one volume of 1,008 pages. That gives an idea of the telephone growth of recent years. Now there is a book for each borough. Mr. Brown has 434,585 listings. The directories of the current issue, laid one on top of the other, would make a stack thirty-odd miles high, if the stack would stand up. Mr. Brown said he had once seen a computation of how many acres of forest were felled to supply the pulp for one edition but, mercifully, he had forgotten the figures.

Much of Mr. Brown's work is routine, of course, but it has its creative side. It is he who decides on the abbreviations which are to appear in his publications, and some of these certainly show him to have an original and creative turn of mind, if they don't make him the father of a new language. Whsl & retl first is one of his best. Others worthy of mention are drses, drsmkg, win clng, hdwr, ndlewk, pctr frms, lthr nvlts, colctns, enmld wre, flwrs & fthrs, rollng shtrs, umbrls, rmng hse, dmnd ctr, mtl refltrs, com mcht, bus bkrs, hay mcht, kntd fbrs, mtl swyr, ship stvs & cbooses, lds tlr, jr cts, and spngs & chmis.

Mr. Brown doesn't take credit for the abbreviations. He says they're based on an adaptation of the "American Standard System," but obviously he has made this system pretty much his own. He has had to. "If an entry is longer than one line," Mr. Brown says, "it has to submit to a little shortening."

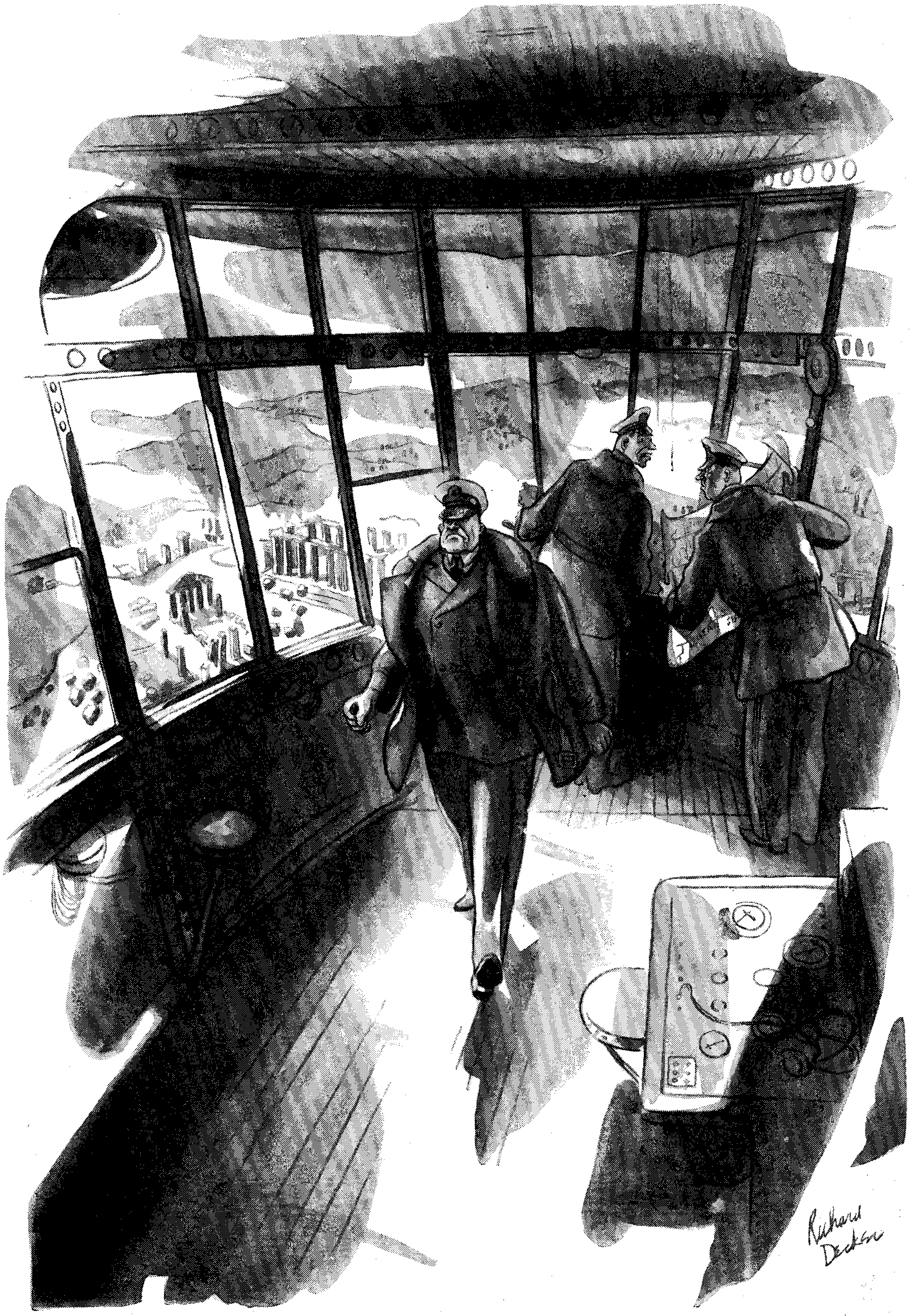
It came up in our conversation with our fellow-editor that the Telephone Company has trouble with professional strong men. They like to tear the directories in two. "Just the other day one of them came into my office and tore a Manhattan directory in two right under my nose," said Mr. Brown. "There was a trick to it, the fellow told me. He said he was in a hurry then but that he'd come back later and show me the trick. He hasn't come yet." Mr. Brown would like it known that the Telephone Company makes a practice of lending out-of-date books to legitimate performers who want to flex their muscles on directories in public, on the theory that otherwise professional rippers would tear up current directories. Mr. Brown points out that the audiences never know the difference. The Telephone Company doesn't lose, as discarded books all are ground up for second-hand use, and they're worth just as much when torn.

Garbled Idea

THE Christmas gift of Anne Kaufman, aged six, to her father was a replica of the Statue of Liberty, modelled in clay by her own hand. There might have been some doubt as to exactly what the image was had not her mother been taken in on the secret, having come upon Anne when she was nearing the end of her work. "It's a Statue of Liberty I'm making for Daddy," she confided. "It's going to be just like the real one, only she's holding up an ashtray instead of a revolver."

The Frescoer

DIEGO RIVERA painted his frescoes in a bare and cold room on the sixth floor of the Heckscher Building. We got there at four o'clock one afternoon to see him work. We stayed until six and he hadn't started in, was still



"Why didn't he say 'Athens, Georgia'!"

sauntering around. The night before he had got up on his scaffold at seven o'clock and worked until nine in the morning, which is fourteen hours—mostly to get a little detail right. It was a terrifying picture he was working on then, one showing a Mexican Indian dressed in the skin of a jaguar or some such animal, head and all, killing a Spaniard in armor with a stone knife.

Around the walls were larger frescoes, completed on previous nights, all of them scenes from the violent history of Mexico. We were studying one when Rivera walked up and pointed to a spot where a brown he had been using came out thin. "It's not very good," he said, amiably. They say he never loses his grinning calm, no matter what goes wrong. He had slept only five hours that day and was just about to put in another night painting on the damp plaster, which was made up of marble dust, lime, and water. The steam heat in the room had to be turned off, as otherwise the compound would have solidified too fast. Painting frescoes is a race against drying, with mistakes and disappointments beyond repair. Rivera's frescoes, when dry, are as hard as concrete and as heavy. It took six men, while we were there, an hour to move one about seven feet square and three inches thick out of the room and up to the Museum of Modern Art galleries on the twelfth floor. The thing weighed more than a thousand pounds. The bottom of the fresco was slightly chipped in the moving, and the foreman of the haulers was distraught. Not so Rivera. "It's all right," he said.

Rivera seldom has a photograph or a sketch of anything to go by, painting even steam shovels, disc harrows, etc., from memory. "Some of them wouldn't work," a follower of his told us, "but machinery in a painting doesn't have to work." Occasionally, however, the painter makes a miniature sketch of a fresco he is about to begin; sometimes, even, he uses one exactly the size of the projected fresco, pinning it to a wall where he can look at it. We saw one of these, an idea he got from a visit to No. 1 Wall Street. Rivera was much impressed by the great money vaults down there. This sketch, a completed fresco now, we suppose, showed the vaults, with all their gold, at the bottom of the drawing. On the street level, just above, were hundreds of unemployed, lying asleep, or worrying. Above them towered the skyscrapers of the financial region.

The exhibition, planned for a month, may last two. Thirty-five thousand people saw the Matisse show and more are expected for Rivera's. When it's over, the frescoes will be sold. It'll cost plenty to move them, if you live far.

When he is working at night, Diego sometimes varies his milk diet with a spot of coffee. He doesn't smoke, because ashes might get into the plaster, and besides you can't smoke and keep both hands busy with paints and brushes. Enthusiasts usually stayed until four o'clock in the cold room, watching their idol. After they left he sometimes slept for fifteen minutes, sitting in a chair, then got up and went to work again. We met a lady who, a year or so ago, sat with Rivera on a scaffold in Mexico City for nineteen hours. At the end of that time, night having given way to morning and morning to afternoon, she got up and started down the ladder. Rivera looked surprised and injured, and remarked sadly: "I have begun to bore you."

Grison

THE Harold Wilcoxes, of Nutley, New Jersey, have a grison, which they keep in a cage on their porch. A grison is a very odd-looking South American weasel-like carnivore. The other day a house-to-house salesman for a certain brand of dainty soap rang the bell (without noticing the grison) and Mrs. Wilcox answered. He launched right into his well-rehearsed praises of the soap, in the course of which he finally did see the grison. He blanched, but kept right on: "It preserves the fine texture of the most delicate skin and lends a lasting and radiant rosiness to the complexion my God, what *is* that thing?"

Far Countries

ANYONE can have our collection of letters written in strange English by foreigners (and make a book out of them, if they want to). Out of the bunch we like two very much. One was sent to us by an army lieutenant in Zamboanga, P. I. It's a note a Filipino student sent to the superintendent of schools there, explaining his absence from classes. Thus: "I beg to excuse to me, I am fatally ill, my life is very risky, so I will confine in my bed to await the benifit of the happening, when my results are finished and I have no more effects of the fact, I will beg your considering another attempt to enter the school, as you know my case is only to excuse. Etc. Yours."

The other letter was sent by an important official in a Tokio engineering company to its branch office in New York, and tells how to creep around non-delivery of a machine. As follows: "Regarding the matter of escaping penalty for non-delivery of machine, there is a way to creep around same by diplomat. We must make a statement of big strike occur in our factory (of course big untrue). Please address my firm in enclosed form and believe this will avoid penalty of case. As Mr. B. is a most religious and compitent man and also heavily upright and godly it fears me that useless apply for his signature. Please attach name by Yokohama office making forge but no cause to fear prison happening as this is often operated by other merchants of highest integrity.

"It is highest unfortunate Mr. B. so godlike and excessive awkward for business purpose. I think much better add little serpent-like wisdom to upright manhood and so found a good business edifice."

In a word, you can't be too godlike in the engineering business and get anywhere these days.

Standing Offer

A DRUGSTORE which is just a brisk walk from where we live has a clerk, tall, forever smiling, and full of the zest of selling. Every time we go into the store he tries to get us to buy some coffee. "Little coffee

bargain today?" he asks, smiling and striking his palms together. "Two pounds for eighty-nine cents." In self-defence, we explained to him one day that we are not allowed to drink coffee on account of our heart. On our next visit, however, after we had bought some nursing bottles and a novel, there he was again, smiling and clapping his hands, and asking us how about a couple of pounds of coffee. We reminded him that we were the man who couldn't drink coffee on account of our heart. "Well," he said, cheerily, "the offer's good at any time, in case you ever get straightened out."

Forts on Wheels

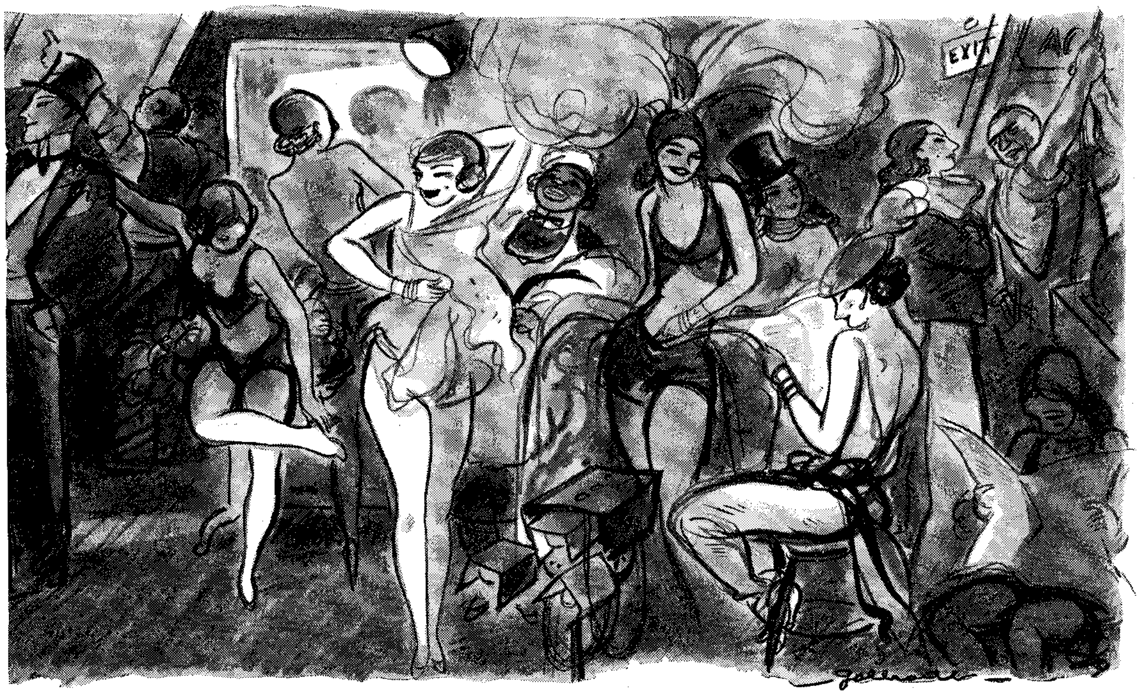
THE generalissimo of most of the armored cars is Mr. W. R. Huntington. They are his idea. He's an elderly man with white hair and mustaches; not the military type, but genial. He was originally with the Adams Express Company. Nine years ago some bankers talked to him about the danger of transporting specie, and right there he thought up the armored car. The Express Company ordered one, and then others. Three years later the United States Trucking Corporation bought the armored-car department from the Adams Company, who probably found it growing cumbersome, and Huntington went along as chief. Today he commands ninety-two steel-clad cars.

Handling payrolls comprises the largest part of the armored-car business, but moving banks is the hardest work. Huntington's men moved the Chase, Irving Trust, and Equitable banks. They moved that will-o'-the-wisp, the Bank of the Manhattan Company, two or three times. They transported the Federal Reserve's four billion dollars in bullion from the old Equitable Building to 44 Maiden Lane. This was planned weeks ahead in diagrams. Mr. Huntington has the diagrams still, framed on his wall. This took twenty-five cars and a hundred men. One car, loaded with gold, went along flanked by two other cars. At each intersection along the way other cars waited, ready for anything. This is the biggest job the armored cars have done to date. Their record long-distance haul was to Washington, D. C., carrying the Shakespeariana of the late Henry C. Folger, worth four and a quarter millions.

An armored car can carry eight million dollars a trip. That much all-risk insurance is carried on each one. The crews are heavily bonded and selected with extreme care. A man doesn't get a job unless his record is spotless from infancy on. Once engaged, he is photographed and fingerprinted. If he moves, he must report his change of address within twenty-four hours, or he's fired. Now and again employees are called up at night, to see if they're out or getting their sleep as they should. Four men make up a crew. One man is the carrier. Two guards walk at his side. The driver protects all three. Each man is armed with a Colt .45. Each car carries machine guns, riot guns, and tear-gas bombs. You wouldn't stand a chance storming one. The men are shifted daily so that the same four are never together two days in succession. No car ever travels the same route in succession. No car has ever been held up, or even booed at, but the men are constantly reminded that they must expect trouble. Many of them used to be in the army, some of them as captains. They get forty dollars a week.

You can have a payroll delivered for as little as two dollars and a half. Moving a bank runs into thousands. Occasionally a car takes jewelry from a safety vault to its owner to wear of an evening, and then takes it back again the next day. You can't trifle with the armored cars, however. A man who had a pearl he wanted to sell tried to hire a car to take it around to various jewellers. Mr. Huntington looked at the pearl and scented a publicity stunt. He said no—undignified.

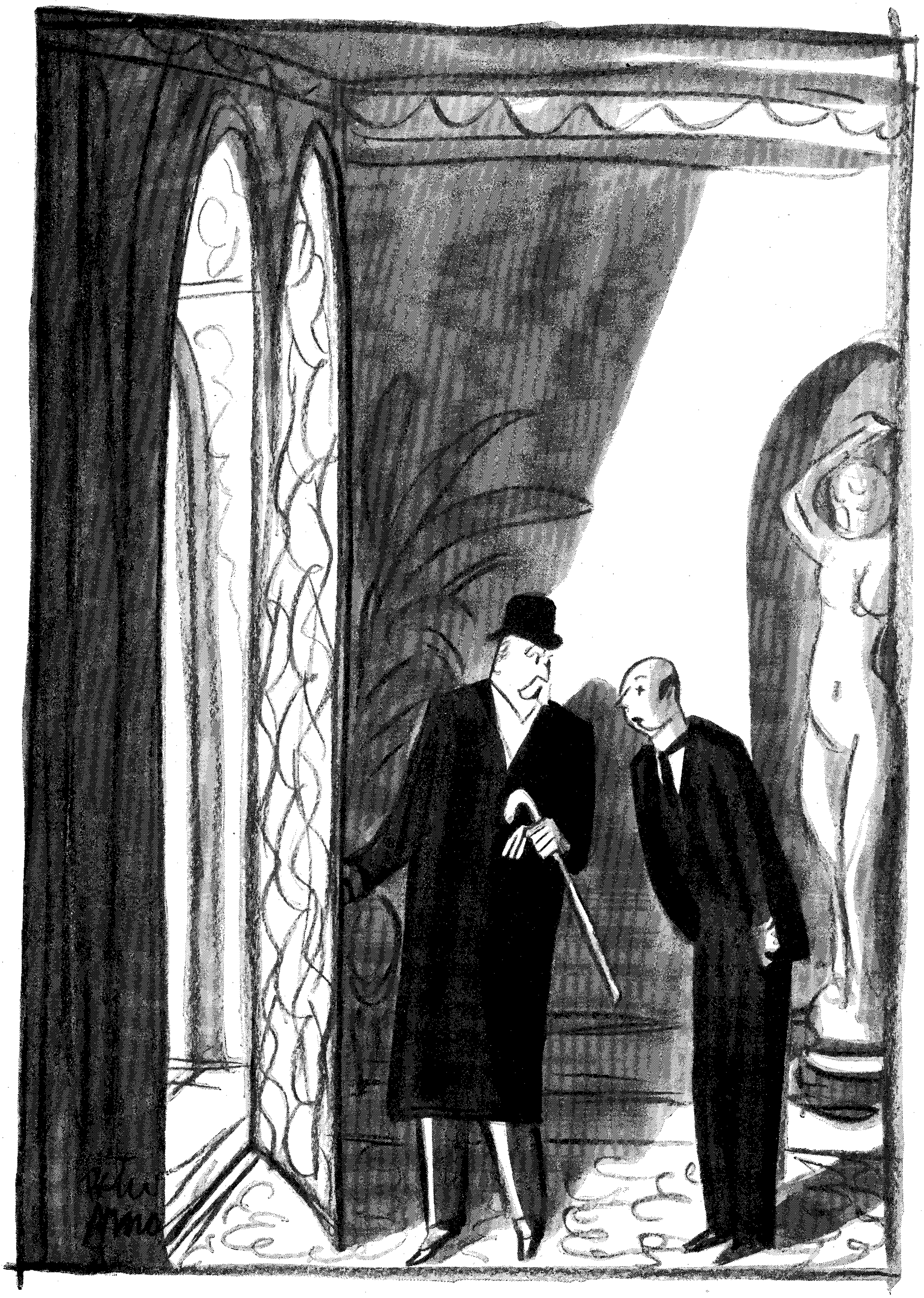
BACKSTAGE



Tough

TWO gentlemen came upon a policeman late of a December twilight, bent over a splash of crimson liquid on the sidewalk. They looked around for the victim, but there wasn't any, except the policeman. "Guy gimme a swell bottle of Dago red and I dropped it," he explained sadly.

—THE NEW YORKERS



"I'm off, Stephen. When she wakes, ply her with a two-minute egg."

CHRISTMAS EVE

THE young lady came into the third-class carriage at Nice with her hair, in spite of the rain, curled up yellow, her hat over her right eye, and the feather behind it spangled with December sleet and twisted under her ear. The smell of Algerians was as strong as hunting dogs in out of the wet, and she stepped on pieces of them, military bits of packsack or leather boot, as they lay crowded together on the passage floor. She couldn't picture them hanging up their stockings for Christmas or sitting down at table with a cloth.

The Algerians did not stir when she set down her hatbox and valise, but lay one upon the other in the corridor, like rugs, whispering and laughing high in their own language and smelling of tired boot leather and weather. Christmas Eve, she thought, as she took a cigarette out of her case and lit it where she stood amongst them. It was a night as bitter as gall and a sharp sleet drove against the windows.

Algerian soldiers slouched at ease on the benches. Next the window, at one end, sat a small old lady with raw cheeks and great dark pansies nodding on her hat. Jolly old England, thought the young lady. She lit another cigarette. Just beyond the glass of the compartment sat a fine plump Frenchman with a shapely Vandyke, travelling third for the sake of thrift, and reading his *Nouvelles Littéraires*.

People going home, thought the young lady. Except the Algerians. It made her swallow down the pride, the wish, the envy that took substance in her throat. She stood looking blindly through the compartment's glass onto the crowded benches. It's all very nice for everybody else, she thought. Now cry a bit, now let a tear slide down. She stood upright among the reclining Algerian forms in the passage, thinking in desperation that the English, after all, were cousins in blood. Between the English and the Americans there was the bond of the same tongue, the same history, the same sentiment. In these dark foreign men there was something so secret, so sinister, that she felt her eyes turning in salute to the little old lady in the corner of the car. She was riding so bravely along, with her soft little wrinkled profile gallantly lifted against the dreary French countryside that fled by in the streaming glass.

When the young lady blew her nose, she saw that a young man in a muffler, hitherto lost amongst the seated Algerians, was eying her through the pane. Going home too, she thought. Going home to *maman*. Everybody going back to something nice. Except the Algerians. In a minute the young man came out through the sliding door and took off his hat. His nose was raw as a beet and his eyes were running.

"You have a fine cold," said the young lady in French to him.

The young man was giving her his seat. He was afraid she would not understand his tongue, and he made gestures towards the place he had left behind him. The Algerians turned their white eyes to look, and the immaculate Frenchman pointed his beard in curiosity at them. Nor did his attention waver when the young lady took a flask out of her handbag and handed it to the young man.

"Try a drink" was what the young lady said to him. And at the sound of her voice the frail old lady in the far corner of the carriage leaned forward past the row of languid Algerians and fluttered her hand at the girl.

"Oh, my dear," she warbled. "You're English! I do think there's room for you in here, you know."

The young man picked up her box and bag and they began a lurching march across the bodies of the Algerians. These words of English had sounded in her ears as beautiful as the playing of a harp.

"I don't see where you're going to put me," said the young lady. "I'm an American."

"Oh, that's quite all right!" said the frail old lady. "Really. It doesn't matter in the least. I'm sure these gentlemen will gladly move down for you. *Je suis sûre, Messieurs . . .*"

The little old lady gave the gentlemen a fragile, winning smile, and the young man swung the bag and hatbox up on the rack. The Algerian soldiers inside the compartment shifted themselves closer to one another on the bench and smiled as if in shame from the ends of their eyes. As they squeezed the beautifully preserved Frenchman further into his corner, he smoothed his beard and spat behind his paper like a cat.

"There you are, my dear," said the little old lady, indifferent to all hostility. "You couldn't possibly have stood all the way to Paris. And Christmas Eve," she said, "is always such a sweet, sacred time—at least to the English," she said.

THE young lady settled down between the sill heaped high with soot and cinders and the loaded pocket of a dark, furtive soldier. The young man with a cold took his own seat again at the other end. They were five on a bench, ten in all, and the windows closed against the landscape. The door into the corridor stood open for a moment, and then the neat French gentleman leaned out over his own stomach and snapped it firmly closed.

"I daresay we'll all be sneezing by morning," said the old lady, *sotto voce*. "Closed in as we are with that unfortunate young man."

There he sat blowing his nose and casting long, friendly glances over the intervening shapes of the Algerians.

"I've lived twenty years in France," said the old lady, and the dark pansies writhed like epileptics on her bonnet. "And they just don't believe in air. It isn't their fault, poor things."

The fresh skin of her face was stretched thin and ruddy with color. Every pore of it was gaping wide for air. At Marseille, in spite of the foul smoke and the sleet, she threw the window open, and she and the young lady stood breathing deep the black rain that fell upon their faces. On the platform below them appeared the young man with a cold offering them each a paper cup of wine.

"*Quel beau geste!*" cried the little old lady, seizing the cup. "But hurry in, Monsieur, before you catch your death! And while you're there, could you get me a pneumatic pillow and they say, they say there's not a restaurant on the train, so if you could pick up a ham sandwich for me and a bit of chocolate off the wagon, and I don't want you to get wet, you know, but could you, I see some *Daily Mails* right over there, not so very far off. Isn't he a lovely young man?" she said as he went off under the dripping eaves of the station, which ran with icy rivers of sleet. "Such a dear," said the old lady, with her eyes as bright as a bird's eyes, "and so ill, too."

NOT a bite to eat, thought the young lady as the train backed out of the station, not a thing until morning. She thought of Christmas nuts and raisins and necklaces of corn. The French gentleman undid a small parcel done around with a bit of string and ate its contents immaculately in the corner. When he was done, he flicked a crumb from his knee, and wiped off his beard and mustaches. The young lady shook her flask to see how much there was left in it. The lingering thought of bosoms of fowl and chestnut dressing crossed her mind. The little old English lady had finished her ham sandwich and settled her pillow under her head for the night.

"Perhaps," said the young lady, "we could leave the window as it is."

"Of course, we can," said the frail old lady with decision. "Two inches of air may save us all from infection."

The young man with a cold did not see the meaningful look she cast him, but settled down in the far corner, turned up his collar about his ears, and tucked himself into his blanket for the night. The young lady took a drink from her flask.

"I've grown very cosmopolitan in my varied and interesting life," said the old lady. She nodded pleasantly at the young lady. "I've learned to travel with people of all sorts and conditions."

The lights had been turned low in the compartment and the Algerians fell at once, gasping and swaying, into uproarious sleep. Now and again the young Frenchman coughed in the darkness.

"So you didn't go home for Christmas?" said the old lady.

"I'm being educated abroad," said the young lady bitterly out of the dark.

"Ah, everyone decides for himself!" said the old lady. "I'll be home," she said after a moment's pause, "by tomorrow evening." She folded her hands in peace, and sat erect in the car's motion, looking straight ahead into the gloom with her sweet, bright, penetrating gaze.

"I'll be safe and sound in London in time for supper," she said gently. "We English are rather silly about our holiday season," she mused aloud, and she laughed softly. "But that's what comes of having a tradition. Holly, mistletoe, the reunion of the loved ones. It's awfully old-hat, isn't it? I'd cry my eyes out," said the old lady through the darkness, "if I had to miss a Christmas away from home."

The young lady sat looking grimly into the empty black window. Cry my eyes out, she thought, and what good would that do me?

JUST then the fine, prosperous Frenchman leaned forward from his place by the door and cleared his throat.

"Pardon, Mesdames," he said to the two ladies at the other end of the compartment, "but would you be good enough to close the window?"

"Ah, Monsieur!" cried the little old lady, with a quaver in her voice. She chose her words carefully, as though she had done this often before. "I shouldn't think such a very small opening could annoy you. It's so unhealthy, as you must know, Monsieur, for so many of us to be closed in all the night—"

The Frenchman sprang to his feet. In doing so he leapt upon an Algerian, who shouted.

"I'm not thinking of myself," said the Frenchman, "incomprehensible as that may seem to you!" He stood quivering in the fetid darkness with his silhouette standing out solid against the windows behind. "I wish to save this young man opposite me, if I can, from pneumonia!"

"Oh, but he can't possibly catch pneumonia!" said the old lady brightly. "Not from good fresh air. That's absolutely contradictory to all scientific knowledge—"

The Frenchman reached up and flashed on the lights, and picked his way carefully down to the window. A clear, cool current of air was whistling past the pane. With a flick of his well-turned wrist, the French gentleman shot the stout glass into place. He stood between the two ladies, dusting off his palms.

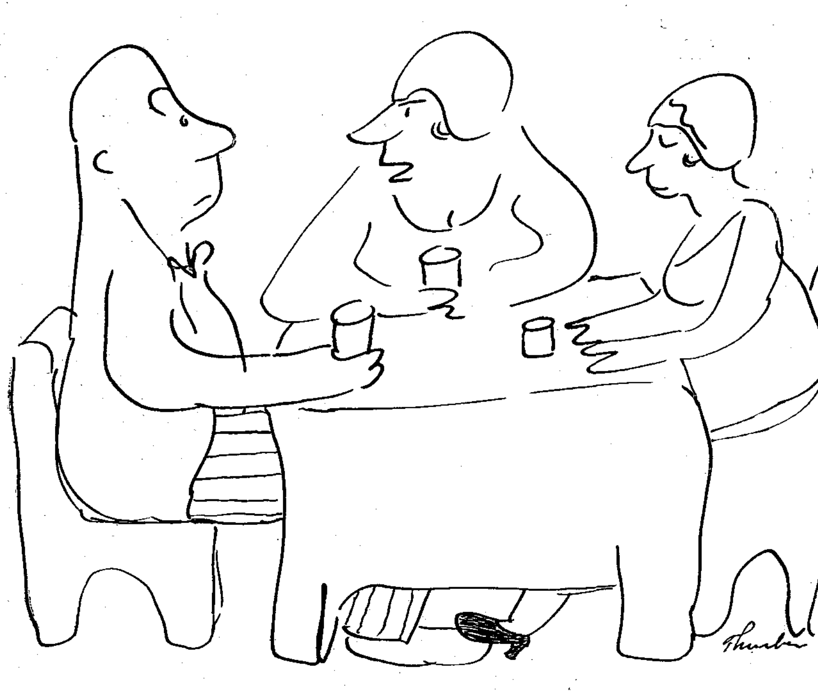
"Voilà!" he said. He adjusted his white cuffs in the sleeves of his coat and went trimly back to his seat.

The old lady lifted her frail old hand and pulled the window open again. The young man with a cold burst into laughter which became a spasm of coughing, and the tidy French gentleman tossed his bearded chin in the air and leapt up in fury. His fingers twitched helplessly at his sides for a moment, and then he reached up for his bag, tottering under the weight of it, and flung it down upon the seat. Everyone woke up and watched him as he snapped it open. No one knew what he was going to do.

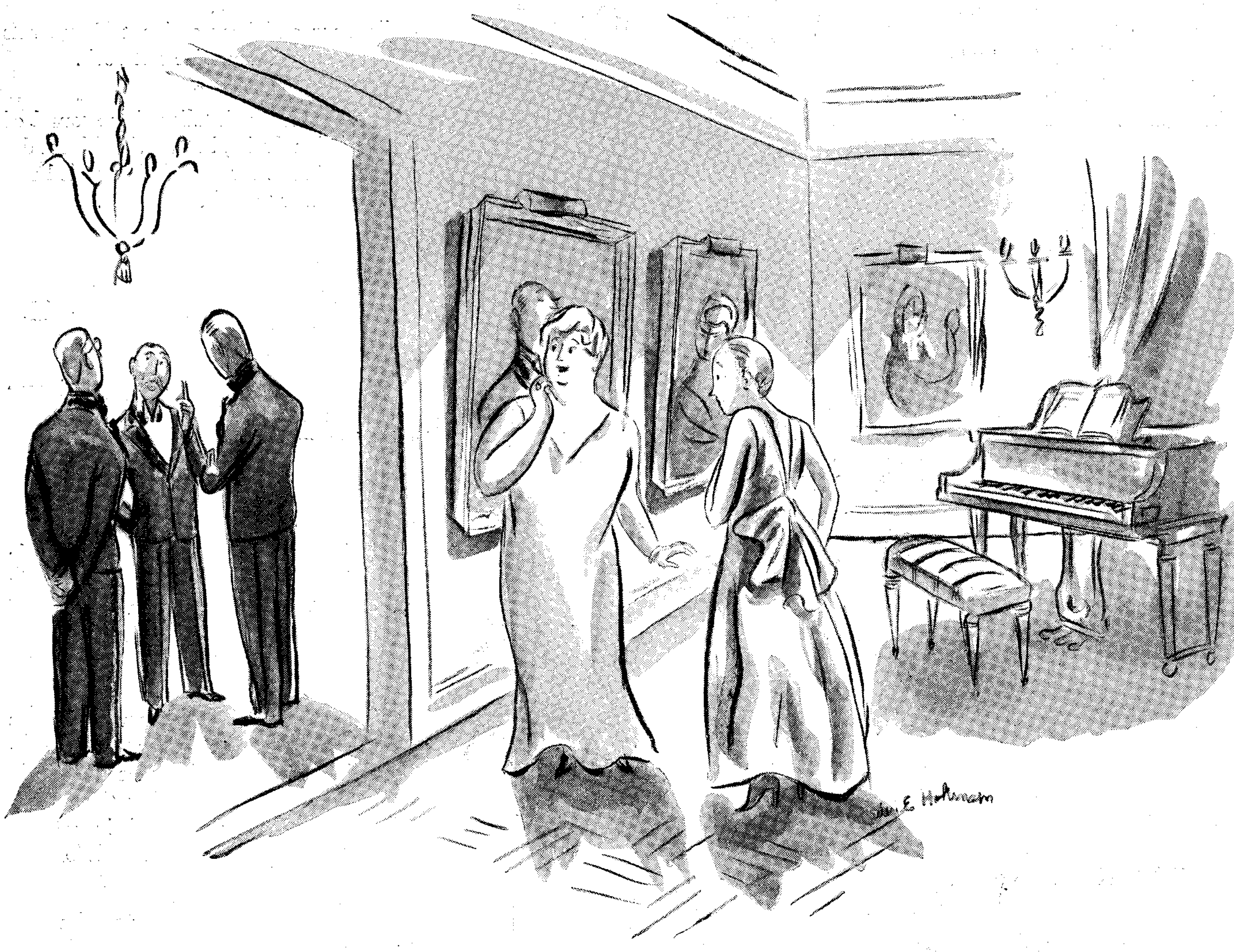
When he drew forth the legs of his pajamas, the old lady cried aloud and her hand fled up to her heart.

"At the most," she said to the young lady, "I thought he might be getting out some aspirin for the young man!"

Out of his pajamas the French gentleman whipped the cord which was



"Well, what's come over you *suddenly?"*



"Don't go in yet, dear. Your father is about to say something clever."

intended to secure them around his middle. With this in his hand he came stepping down the aisle and closed the window again. His plump but nimble fingers worked the pajama cord through the rod of the curtain and then through the handle of the window and knotted it firmly in three double knots.

When he had done, he looked with particular venom at the frail old lady.

"That is a lesson," said he, "in *la politesse française!*"

He turned his shapely back on them and stepped precisely back to his seat. Without another word, he switched off the lights and sank into his place in comfort. The young man was laughing, or coughing, in the dark.

IN the middle of the night, the young lady started up and saw that a thick blanket of snow had fallen everywhere. The glacial hands of the station timepiece said twelve o'clock. The young lady stretched out her hand to the old lady in the corner. She was bundled up and motionless, like a mummy in the tomb.

"Merry Christmas!" whispered the young lady grievously.

"Merry Christmas, my dear!" cried the old lady, waking up brightly. The young lady could see her face in the clear light tossed up from the platform through the falling snow. She might not have been sleeping, for all the alertness in her voice and eyes.

"We're in Avignon," said the old lady as though she knew the road by heart. Suddenly she began to giggle: "I was just wondering what his wife will say tonight when she sees the string gone from his pajamas!"

"What a race!" said the young lady. She took out her flask and through the darkness offered it to the old lady.

"I might take just a drop," said the old lady, under cover of the darkness. "After all," she said gaily, "it's Christmas, isn't it?"

"I can't see where all this fuss and bother about the great culture of the French comes from," said the young lady. She was feeling sick in the pit of her heart for home.

"Oh, my dear!" said the old lady. Her throat gave a small gasping cry as the liquor ran down it. She dabbed at her lips with her handkerchief bunched up in her fingers. "You mustn't forget that France, France is the cradle of our civilization. What can be compared," she said, "to their museums? And their *esprit,*" said the old lady, raising her voice. "What can be compared to the French *esprit?*"

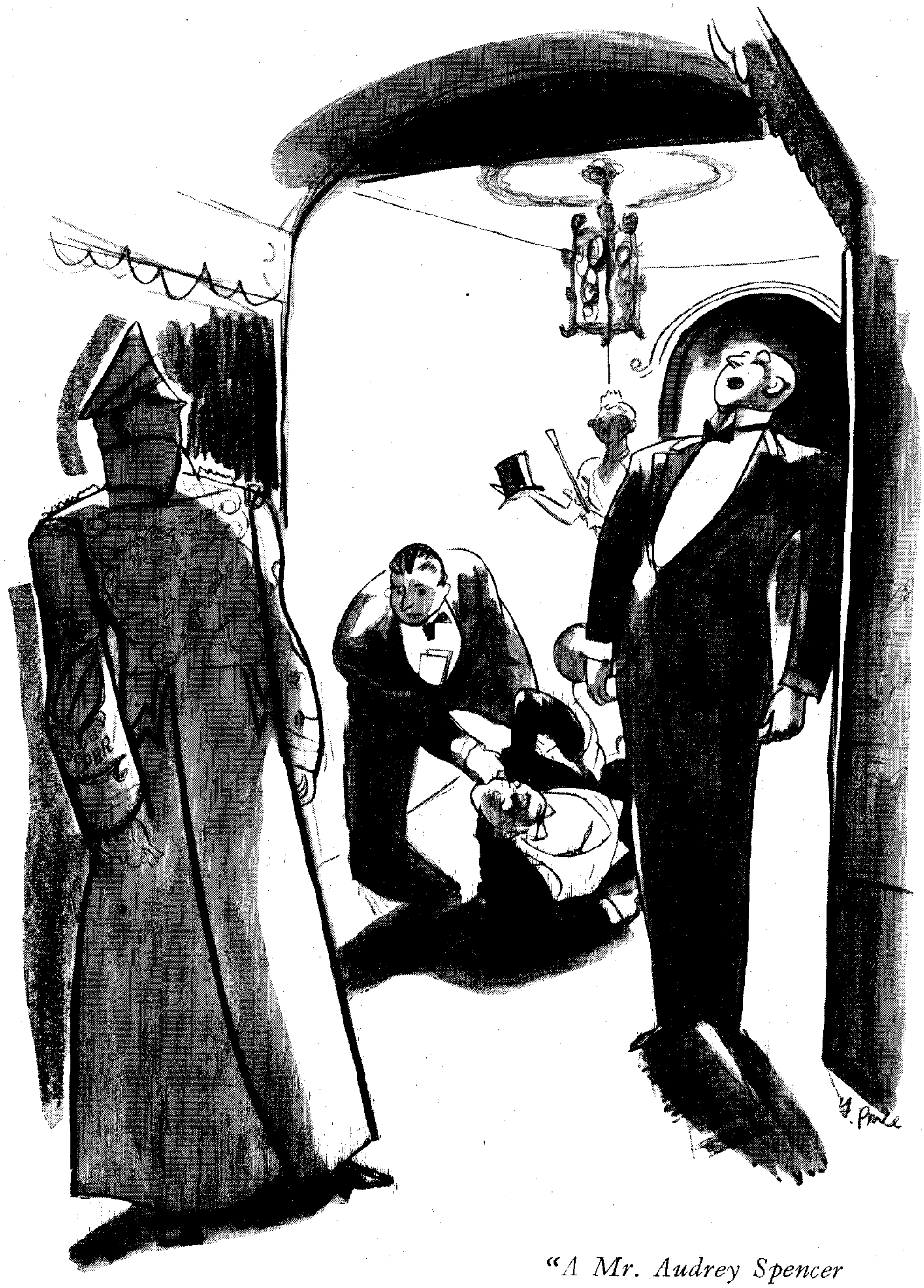
"Search me," said the young lady bitterly.

"I wouldn't dream of such a thing," said the old lady, sitting erect in the corner of the car. —KAY BOYLE

•

Pierced by three bullets from a revolver and disturbed by the reports of the shots, Mrs. Rosa M. Doyle was aroused from sleep at 2 o'clock Sunday.—*Knoxville (Tenn.) Journal.*

Light sleeper, probably.



"A Mr. Audrey Spencer coming out!"

• •

OF ALL THINGS

THE long and ugly word "impeachment" has been uttered in the House of Representatives, so it is clear that Hoover stock has touched bottom. It now has no place to go but up.

•

Political observers agree that it will take the President some time to recover from Chairman Fess' backhanded eulogy. Simeon is our leading exponent of the manly art of self-defeat.

•

As a reward for their fine showing in 1928, the Southern states are to have increased representation in the Chicago convention. Just when they were trying so hard to forget!

•

Edgerton of the National Association of Manufacturers thinks that anybody who uses the word "revolution" should be shot. That would involve quite a rev—reversal in our national tradition.

•

Persons who have not been dining much lately have a great treat coming. They can tune in on the fourteenth of January and hear eminent Democrats eat over a nationwide network.

•

There is much talk going around of retaliation duties, but we should not despair. Thus far nobody has called this a tariff war to end tariff wars.

•

Senator Moses wishes to correct a popular zoölogical error. It is the son of the wild jackass who never forgets.

•

As the Equity paper says, insincere critics should be barred from theatres. In fact, many of our managers are taking a pretty big chance when they let the audience in.

•

The new Congress has been of little comfort to the President or anybody else thus far. There is wild talk of putting up a sign: "Opened by Mistake."

•

Secretary Doak claims that he has documentary proof that the Communists were back of the recent hunger march. Is it possible that the tireless investigator has succeeded in getting hold of a copy of the *Daily Worker*?

•

Our papers are printing sentimental pieces about the imminent passing of dear old Cherry Hill. Its loss will be felt keenly by every New Yorker who loves to get hit with a ragged brick.

•

The news that Japan has gone off the gold standard is disquieting. We have a worried feeling that we shall now be asked to do something nice for the yen.

•

About those two college girls in India who killed a British judge, the details are too scanty. Was this required work or an extra-curricular activity, like carrying the daisy chain?

•

It is fine news that the Metropolitan Opera House has no intention of closing its venerable doors, even if its list of boxholders is not quite as interesting as Judge Seabury's.

•

The President says that we must cushion the shock for our credit institutions (with government cush) so that industry can start moving again. He is a great believer in federal aid for the unemployers.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

WASHING UP

EVERYONE is aware that one of the most perplexing problems of a playwright is getting his characters on and off the stage—which has to be accomplished in order to allow other characters to talk together privately. Today there are in use hundreds of devices for making a character step out of the room for a few minutes. Some of them are pretty clever. For example, one character will say to another: "How would you like a drink of water?" The other replies: "I would love one," or, in the case of an Irish character: "Faith, a drrink of whather is just what me auld heartt has been yeernin' for, these last two hours!" The first character then says: "Well, you will find a water-cooler right out there." And he points to the wings.

Or, one character says to another: "Where is Mrs. Demarest?" The other answers: "She is upstairs in my bedroom—why don't you go up and see her?" That gets rid of him.

Now, all these devices are good perhaps, but I believe it would be possible, and advisable, to standardize them: adopt one standard device which would always be used. Simpler for the playwright, simpler for the audience, simpler for the actors. I think I can illustrate how it might work out in practice. Let us say that the standard device is this: the character whom the author wants to dismiss temporarily from the stage will be asked by another character if he wouldn't "like to wash his hands." That is a good excuse, and a play would go something like this:

LET'S say the characters in the play are: a Mr. Davis (a bore), Mrs. Davis (his wife), Laura Davis (their daughter), Dr. Doldrums (an affable old bore), and Sergeant Dooley (a sergeant of police and a bore). The scene is the living-room of the Davis' home. Mrs. Davis is playing solitaire as the curtain rises.

[Enter Mr. Davis, accompanied by Dr. Doldrums.]

MR. DAVIS—Hello, dear.

MRS. DAVIS—Hello.

MR. DAVIS—I brought Doldrums with me.

MRS. DAVIS—I see you did. Ask him if he wouldn't like to wash his hands.

DR. DOLDRUMS—Thanks so much. Which way?

MR. DAVIS [pointing] — Straight through and to the left.

[Exit Dr. Doldrums.]

MRS. DAVIS—Any news?

MR. DAVIS—Yes, Minsky is watching the house. We are under suspicion, all right. Where's Laura?

[Enter Laura.]

LAURA—Here I am.

MR. DAVIS—There she is.

LAURA [to her father]—Just get home?

MR. DAVIS—Yes.

LAURA — Wouldn't you like to wash your hands, Dad?

MR. DAVIS—Not just this minute.

(*Author's note*: Occasionally, of course, characters will be found who are unwilling to wash their hands. They will have to be forced to.)

MRS. DAVIS — Go ahead, Fred. You are filthy.

[Enter Dr. Doldrums.]

MR. DAVIS—All washed up, Doctor?

DR. DOLDRUMS—Yes.

MR. DAVIS—Guess I'll follow suit.

[He goes out toward the washroom.]

MRS. DAVIS—All washed up, Doctor?

DR. DOLDRUMS—Quite.

MRS. DAVIS—Laura, how about you?

LAURA—What do you mean, how about me? I'm all right.

MRS. DAVIS—Why don't you skip out like a darling and wash your hands?

[Exit Laura. As soon as she is gone, Dr. Doldrums takes Mrs. Davis in his arms.]

DR. DOLDRUMS—Edna!

MRS. DAVIS—Gordon!

[Enter Mr. Davis.]

MR. DAVIS—All washed up, folks.

[The doorbell rings. Mrs. Davis answers and Sergeant Dooley enters.]

MRS. DAVIS—Who are you, for heaven's sakes?

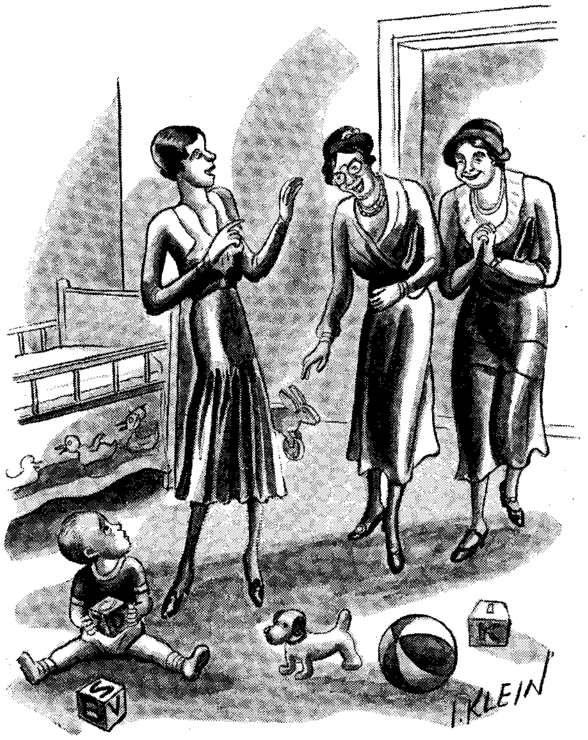
MR. DAVIS—It's all right, Edna. It's just a policeman. Perhaps the Sergeant would like to wash up before dinner.

SERGEANT DOOLEY—Faith and how did ye guess! Oi wuz whunderin' if there don't be some place where Oi could worsh me durty honds.

MR. DAVIS—Laura's in there.

MRS. DAVIS—That's true. You'll have to wait, Sergeant.

(*Note*: Right here you may quarrel with me. You may say that my idea of a "standard device" is holding up the plot, and that the play doesn't seem to be developing very well. Maybe so—but that won't stop somebody from producing it. Apparently nothing does.) —E. B. W.



"No, don't tell him. Let him guess who is Aunt Emma and who is Aunt Sophie."

•

DECEMBER EVENING

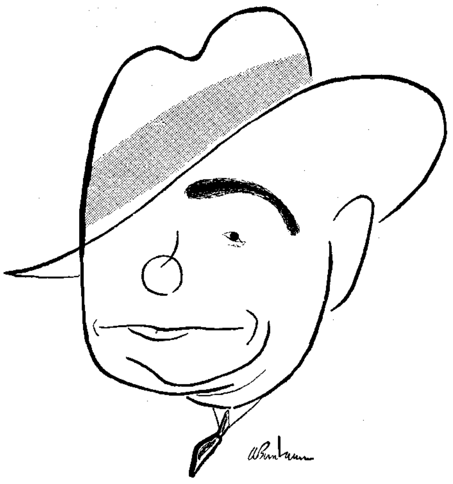
Up from the frozen street the music drifts:
The song of a sunny southern island lifts
From a barrel-organ in the bitter dark
To stony walls whose yellow windows mark
The evening fires by which we sit and listen,
Dreaming of tawny coasts and sapphire seas
And stars that fly like birds into the trees.

The organ-man moves on. The night is cold;
The air is sharp with frost, the windows glisten,
The wind is rising and the year is old.

—FRANCES FROST

PROFILES

WHAM! POW! ZOWIE!



John J. Broderick

NOT long ago two prominent gorillas in a tough Times Square saloon were discussing an acquaintance. The first gorilla's voice took on that deep, chesty timbre common to hard, squat men when they are enraged. "Listen," he said in peroration, "the next time I see that no good such-and-such I'm gonna walk right up and punch him in the nose, *even if he is talkin' to Broderick!*"

He referred to First Grade Detective John J. Broderick, Shield No. 226, who, though he has just turned thirty-seven and earns only four thousand a year, is as well known to the Broadway regulars up and down, east and west, above and below that thoroughfare as George M. Cohan or Texas Guinan, and has already become a part of speech. "To broderick" and "to give the broderick," connoting the application of physical force of a wild and violent nature, are phrases more widely accepted as time goes on, and probably will be included in Dr. Frank H. Vizetelly's next dictionary. Indeed, he is probably better known in his own world than Mr. Cohan or La Guinan; for it would be possible for either of them to wander by some mischance into a thieves' poolroom or a low boozing den and remain unrecognized for a few minutes. Not so the Broderick. His lineaments are as familiar to the riders of the phony express as those of the bull buffalo on the back of a nickel—and raise panic among them as might the numismatic model were he to come suddenly charging into their midst. As a matter of hard fact, the Broderick technique is rather bisonic: violent, Herculean, rash, and space-clearing. Before the Rothstein murder, when the sharpshooters used to hang out at Lindy's, word that Broderick was on his way uptown would empty the restaurant of its quota of shady patrons as though someone had opened up with a Thompson sub.

THERE is not only a Broderick saga, there are even extensive Broderick apocrypha, of which, perhaps, the chief item concerns Patrick ("Linkie") Mitchell.

Mitchell, one of the last of the old Hudson Duster mob, with a long record of arrests and no sentences behind him, was an ancient enemy of Broderick. Finally on May 20, 1928, Mitchell was murdered in a speak down in the Village. On the day of his funeral he lay in the parlor of his home surrounded by weeping relatives, fellow-workers, wreaths, gates ajar, broken pillars, and gilt-framed enlargements of himself as a child. Broderick went to the funeral and was met at the door by one of those queasy undertaker's assistants in a black, double-breasted coat, who cooed: "You want to see the deceased?" Broderick nodded and was ushered into the parlor. He walked straight up to the bier and spat in the right eye of the late departed. "Linkie Mitchell was a so-and-so alive and he's a so-and-so dead," he announced to the horrified gathering. Then, as nobody budged, he walked out.

There is not a word of truth in this story, as Broderick is too pious a Catholic to have dreamed of such behavior. It is related merely as an example of the legends that have sprung up.

What is true, however, is the way he once played John Alden to a famous actor's Miles Standish. Priscilla was a revue beauty who had been the beloved of an extremely rough gentleman, a friend of Johnny. Love being greater even than terror, the actor asked the detective to help him with his courting; and a meeting was arranged with Priscilla's gentleman friend. Broderick arrived with the actor and introduced him. "Always glad to know any friend of Johnny's," said the previous incumbent. "What can I do for you?" Big drops began to pour down the actor's brow. "It's about Daisy," said Broderick. "Oh, yeah? Well, what about her?" Both Alden and Standish got the bad eye. "Why," said Broderick, "my partner here—uh—" A head-waggle toward the trembling actor finished the sentence. "Hmm, so that's it, eh?" said the tough guy. "Well, do you love her?" Standish folded his hands and went off into an unintelligible gurgle. "Are you gonna marry her?" More sweat and more raptures. "All right, take her and be good to her. Now scram outa here!"

In relating this, Broderick always ends rather wistfully: "I thought it was kind of nice of Mike, myself."

But the other non-apocryphal tales in his saga have more to do with Mars than Venus. There was the time, during a Harlem riot, that he arrived alone, and replied when frantically asked where the rest of the squad was: "Hell, this ain't the World War." His specialty is breaking in where the breaking isn't so good. Broderick was the first man to seize Francis ("Two-Gun") Crowley and received an official commendation for it. He couldn't be found at first when the siege on that poor little moron began, and was late in arriving. It is a widespread belief in the Department that had Broderick got there earlier, all the cordon-throwing and the barrages and the horse-foot-and-guns turnout would have been unnecessary.

That there is ground for this opinion lies in history; for Broderick loves nothing so much as to put his shoulder to a door and charge an armed man, or group of armed men, who don't care much who gets killed. It has become almost a mania with him, and he has a strange notion that his colleagues won't respect him unless he does so whenever opportunity presents itself. For this reason he seldom draws his service pistol. Efficient, everyday strong-arm work is an accomplishment soon acquired by most members of the Police Department. The mere fact that one belongs to that body lends an enormous advantage. But rushing head on and capturing a pillbox barehanded has become a Broderick specialty.

SOMETIMES he does use a gun. Five years ago, when Hymie Amberg, Red McKenna, and Bobbie Berg, all veteran highwaymen with plenty of ammunition, broke out of their cells in the Tombs, murdered the warden and a keeper, and then tried to shoot their way through the prison gate, a riot call was sent to every precinct station, and detectives and cops of all ranks came running from all points of the compass. The convicts barricaded themselves behind a coal pile in the yard and could not be dislodged, although thousands of rounds from pistols, rifles, and a machine gun were fired at them, even from windows of surrounding office buildings. Broderick arrived, entered the yard, walked alone through the barrage to the side of the coal pile, emptied his pistol in an enfilade as he approached, and then rushed. The convicts had committed suicide when he reached them.

His citation for commendation, written in the quaint, restrained language that is common to all police documents, reads:

> November 3, 1926. About 3 P.M. entered the prison yard at Tombs Prison to assist in preventing the escape of three prisoners. Shots were fired and subsequently three prisoners unconscious from gunshot wounds were found behind a coal pile.

The Department awards eight medals to its members every year for valor. Men eligible for these medals are those who during the past year have received in the line of duty either honorable mentions or commendations, which in merit rank in the order named. Oddly enough, Broderick did not receive an honorable mention instead of a commendation for his coup at the Tombs; but did win an honorable mention that same year for a performance which to the lay mind was much less spectacular:

> February 2, 1926. At 1:30 A.M. was informed that a man was flourishing a revolver in a restaurant at 1969 Broadway. He entered the restaurant, disarmed the man of two revolvers and a knife, and arrested him.

For this he was awarded one of the eight medals for valor.

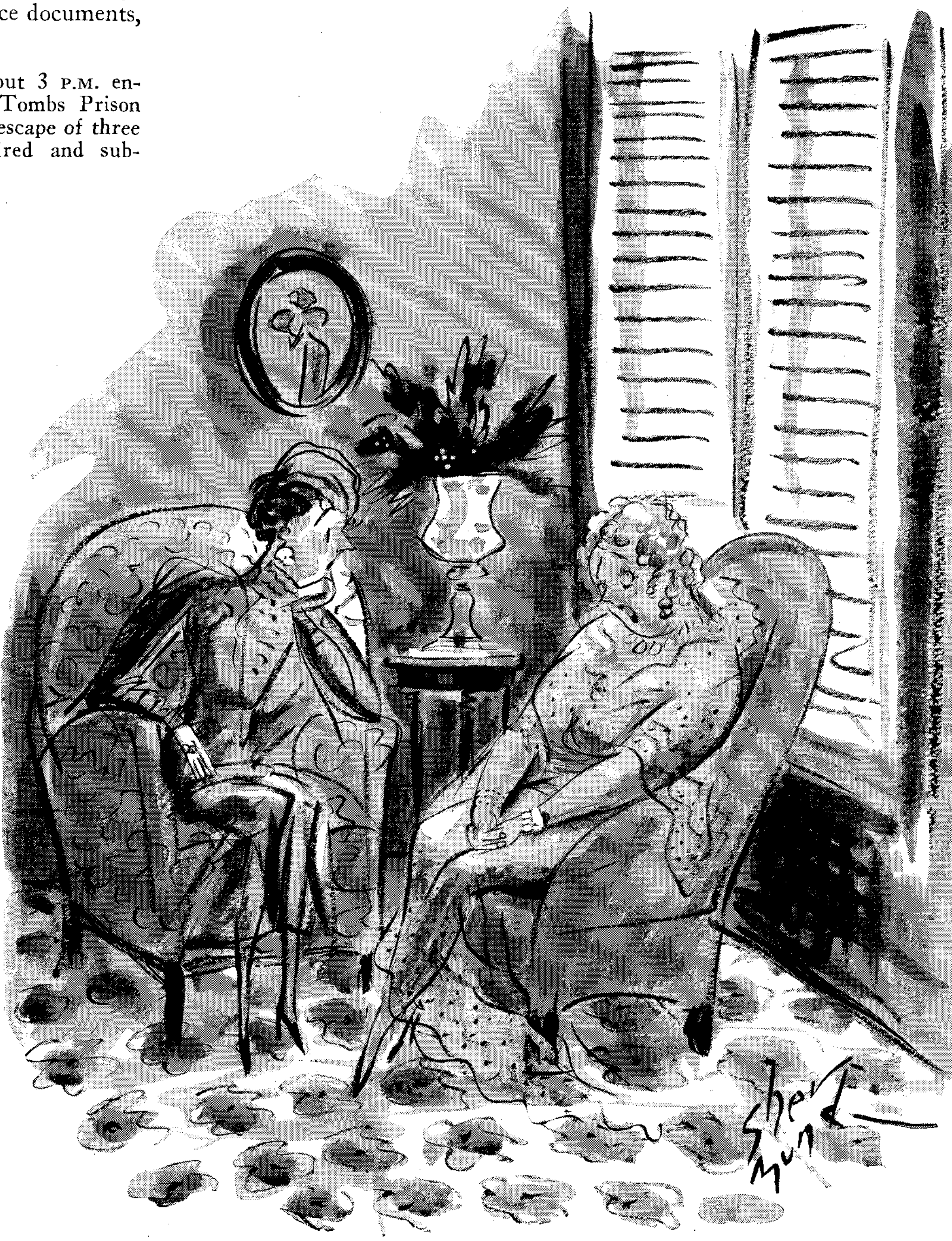
Besides this and his Tombs and Crowley commendations, he was cited on one other occasion for excellent police duty:

> March 9, 1927. At 5 A.M. saw a woman struggling with two men in front of a hotel at 220 West Forty-ninth Street. They fled in a taxi. Arrested the men and recovered two revolvers.

But he was ever a protector of beauty in distress. Once the manager of a little restaurant downtown informed Broderick that two tough muggs were standing in front of his place insulting women. Broderick threw the muggs through the restaurant's plate-glass window and then arrested them for malicious destruction of property. Each mugg got thirty days on the Island and they had to pay for a new window.

"You needed a new window," Broderick told the restaurateur.

HIS gallantry toward the weaker sex comes easy to him; for when not professionally engaged, he is a model family man and spends most of his spare time with his wife, a pretty brunette, and their daughters, Margaret, aged eleven, and Marion ("we call her 'Sister' "), aged eight, at their home in Jackson Heights. A day at home with the Brodericks is an almost cinematic idyll of domestic felicity. They all gather in the parlor;



"Now I'm well, I miss my doctor."

Johnny takes off his coat and sits in an easy chair, while Mrs. Broderick plays the piano and the kids do a sister act. The most binding oath Broderick can swear goes something like this: "All right. You know I love my two beautiful children. Well, if I'm not telling the truth, I hope to find them both dead when I get home." Every Saturday night he can get off he takes Mrs. Broderick to the Palace.

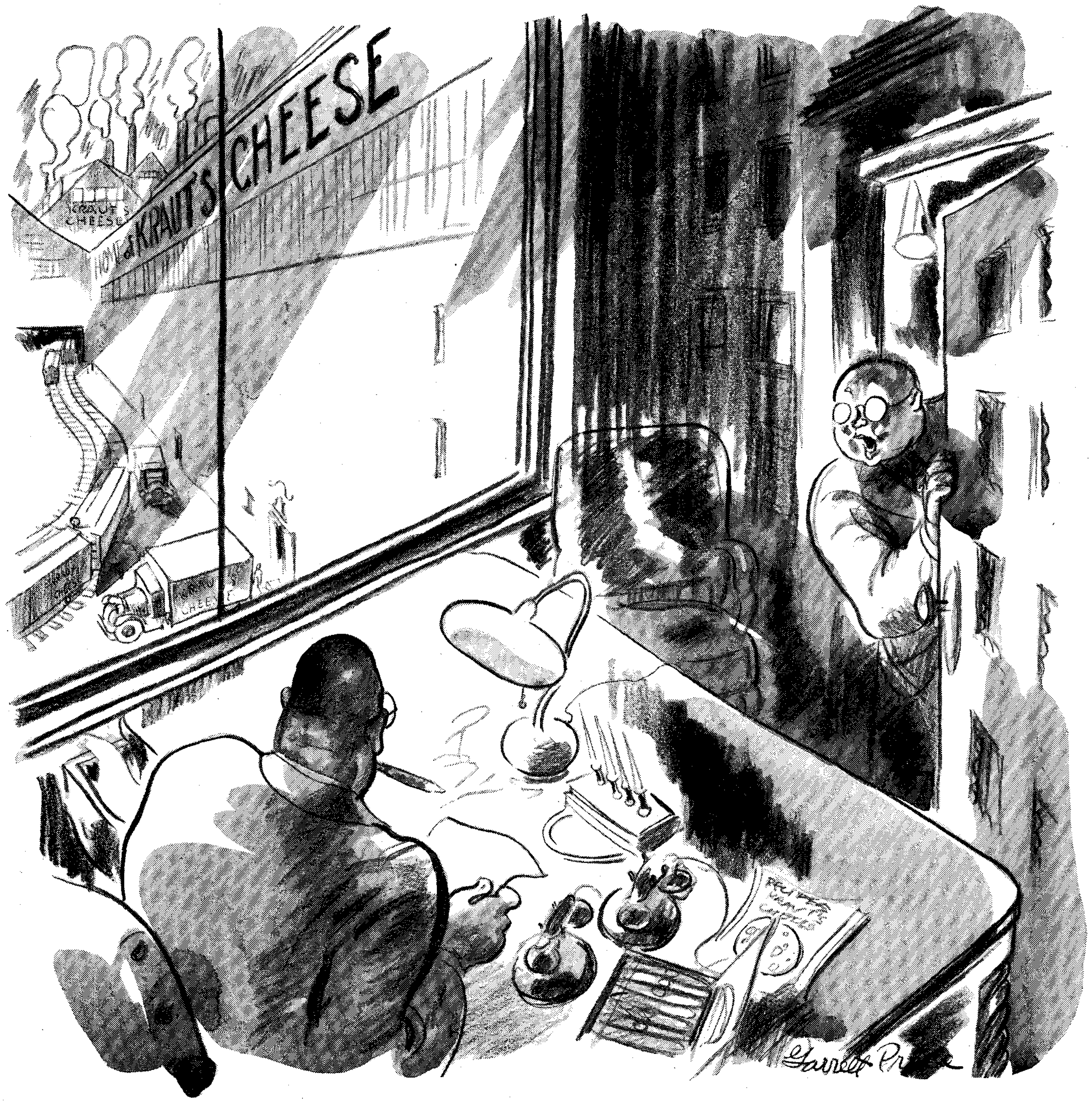
In build he is somewhere between a middleweight and a light-heavy. His eyes are brown and so is his hair, with gray sprinkled over the ears; and in repose, his expression is that of a spanked altarboy. He keeps in superb shape, as he neither drinks nor smokes, works out every day in Stillman's Gymnasium, and ascends stairs three steps at a time. He has the speed of a leopard. Standing on the curb behind Headquarters with his back to the street one damp day, Broderick was talking to a friend, who noticed an automobile approaching a puddle that was sure to find the detective's range. "Look out!" the man yelled. Broderick whirled around, lightning fast, and stood poised on the balls of his feet with his fists in an on-guard position that was beautiful to see. It is understandable why in restaurants he sits facing the door.

The knuckles of both his hands have been broken so many times that they have been exhibited in lectures at Bellevue to show what punishment the human paws can take and still function. Owing to manual brittleness, Broderick has been forced to alter his attack somewhat: when he closes in, he seizes an opponent's necktie just above the knot with his right and twists, simultaneously jabbing with his left. A couple of jabs are usually sufficient. The nearest he ever came to losing a decision was several summers ago at the Rockaways, a famous gangster hideout at that time of year, where he was stationed on surveillance duty. One night he was called on the telephone and a tough voice, after a deal of unflattering remarks, dared him to come over. He was alone, but left a note for his partner, telling him where he was going. At the joint he found sixteen muggs waiting, all eager to open his veins. Broderick waded in and managed to stay alive until his partner arrived with a sergeant and a platoon; but he took a terrible shellacking. In the fur strike of 1926 he was knocked cold by Communists, but the detail he was commanding rounded up the assaulting party. At that time he was in command of the Industrial Squad, and after the strike was over there were rumors that he had been paid a hundred dollars a week during seventeen weeks for "protection." An investigation was held before the then Magistrate Joseph V. Corrigan, certainly no cop-whitewasher. Broderick was vindicated; and labor officials declared that the story was an attempt by the left wing of the Fur Workers' Union, which was running the strike, to explain away part of $38,204.52 which couldn't be accounted for by auditors. Strike duty never appealed to him much, anyway—too many women and kids were mixed up in the strikes and it was hard to tell who was supposed to be socked and who wasn't. During the fur strike, Bolshevists, Menshevists, strikers, and strike-breakers had to be socked almost impartially. It was too confusing, and poor sport. Preferable was the old theme song: "Gimme a gangster, give him a gun, and leave the rest to me."

IT is perhaps with Madison Square Garden that Johnny Broderick is most closely associated in the popular mind. On almost every fight night he takes a busman's holiday there and is to be seen leaning against the first pillar to the right in the lobby just as you come in the Eighth Avenue entrance. The newspaper boxing-writers who frequent the place love him like a brother; and when, during the bike races there three years ago, he got in a jam for pasting a couple of apparently wrong parties, they got up a monster petition for him and sent it to the Commissioner. Broderick has repaid them in kind. When Johnnie Buckley, Jack Sharkey's manager, took a swing at the young man who was the smallest member of the working press in town, Broderick followed him right into Sharkey's dressing-room. His purpose was unmistakable. "Don't you touch him!" Sharkey screamed. Broderick drew his gun and covered the fighter with his right hand while he strewed Buckley around with his left. This done, he put up the gun and turned to Sharkey. But the fighter was engaged in a Florence Nightingale.

Among his friends in the Department, Broderick is known as "The Duke" on account of his passion for clothes. His suits fit like the skin on a fuzzless peach and are mostly of light materials. His shirts, handkerchiefs, and even his underwear, which is of cream-colored silk, are monogrammed. He has a secret desire to wear spats and sport a stick, but realizes that a cop with a cane is as incongruous as a sailor with an umbrella. A few of the older detectives have the temerity to wear spats, but they are such veterans that nobody dares kid them. Broderick has not yet attained sufficient seniority. He tries not to talk out of the corner of his mouth, although he does it inadvertently; and is extremely careful about his grammar and enunciation, save when he is excited. Out of the trenches he is not tough at all. He sings a pretty good tenor and is an excellent raconteur.

BORN in East Twenty-fifth Street in the old Gas House district, where they raised good fighters, Broderick was forced to leave parochial school at the age of twelve and drive a brick truck to support his mother. Later he drove a coal wagon for Burns Brothers, and finally became a representative of the teamsters' union. The late Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, took a fancy to him at a convention and made him his bodyguard. Other bodies he has guarded are those of Queen Marie of Roumania, King Albert of Belgium, Peggy Joyce, August Heckscher, and William Harrison Dempsey. Dempsey, by the way, once declared that he would not care to tangle with his protector outside the ring. During the World War, Broderick served in the navy, and it was



"There's a mouse in the shipping room!"

• •

there he received his first formal education in boxing.

He went on the cops in January, 1923, after having been nine months in the Fire Department, which he found boring. As a cop his rise was rapid: a member of the uniformed force only three months, he was assigned to plain-clothes duty and was designated a third-grade detective. In March, 1928, he was advanced to first grade. His fellow-cops admire his fierce, foolish bravery, but believe he will be killed any day now, probably by a drug addict. He does no third-degree work: it's too one-sided.

Today he is assigned to Broadway duty with Sergeant John Cordes, a terrible fighter himself, and the only cop ever to win the Department's Medal of Honor twice. Both eat a great deal of ice cream in spare moments. Last July they swooped down on the Legs Diamond foothills of the Catskills, and on a farm near Cairo seized eight members of the Vincent Coll gang and captured a young arsenal and a fleet of stolen cars. Conventionally, Broderick, alone on the top floor of the farmhouse, broke down a door and disarmed and subdued a man who was trying to pull a gun on him.

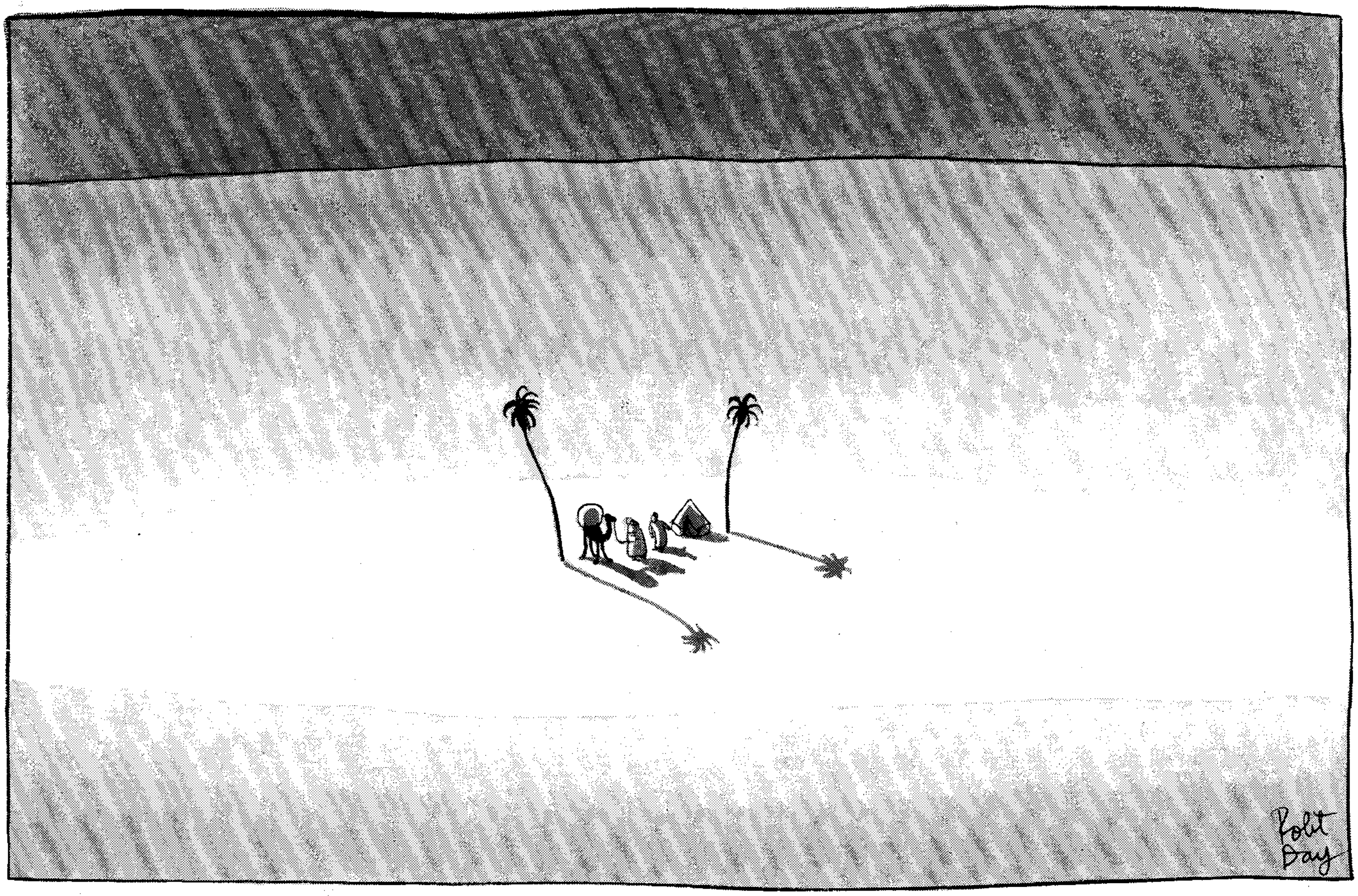
He has never seen a gangster picture. "I don't believe in them," he says.

—JOEL SAYRE

•

"There was a time when disreputable women were as conspicuous as stars in the sky. Today one must hunt for them." *—Bishop Noonan, quoted in the Boston Traveler.*

Oh, one can stay home with a good book.



"Sorry, sir. He just stepped out, but we expect him back any minute. Won't you sit down?"

• •

MIDNIGHT MASS

THE Moffatts had come over to the Hornsbys' with Bill Andrews and a girl named Ellen Lovejoy, who hadn't lived in New York very long and had no place else to go. They had all helped trim the tree and it really looked very nice, considering.

Martha Hornsby had fixed a little snow scene under the tree with cotton and artificial snow, celluloid reindeer, painted cardboard houses, and her hand mirror for a lake. Ellen Lovejoy, who was alive with Christmas spirit and who had proved it by wearing a bright red dress with a sprig of holly pinned to her shoulder, had thought that they should bank silver paper around the base to cover up the stand and only use green and silver tinsel with green and silver balls for decoration, but Janet Moffatt had thought that that would look too cold. "I think that just green and silver would make it look too cold," she said.

So they had put on all the ornaments and all the candles, and while Jim Moffatt thought that the tinsel should wind around the tree and Ellen Lovejoy was of the vertical school, everything had gone very well. Now they all were sitting around admiring it.

"Why don't you give Alec his present now?" Mrs. Moffatt asked her husband.

"There's an idea," Jim Moffatt said, and he went out to his overcoat and brought back something in a brown-paper parcel. Alec Hornsby unwrapped it. It was a bottle with straw around it and a very old, torn label.

"Boy!" he said. "Brandy! Say, this is great! Much obliged, Jim."

"I'll get the glasses," Martha Hornsby said. "You won't want soda or ice, of course?"

"Of course not," he told her.

She brought the glasses and then went in to get her hat and coat. "Where are you going?" they asked her.

"Why, I thought I would go around to St. Francis'," she said. "They have midnight Mass and lovely singing. Sometimes they have someone like Martinelli. Anybody want to come with me?"

"I'd like to, honestly," Ellen Lovejoy told her. "But I've got to be running along in a few minutes."

"I'd go, too," Mrs. Moffatt said. "But Jim looks all in. I think I'd better take him home pretty soon."

"Well," Martha said, and opened the door, "if you're not here when I come back, I'll see you tomorrow. Thanks a lot for the manual labor."

IT was very cold and clear out and there was no one on the streets. It had been a long time since she had been out on the streets alone at night, except sometimes at parties when she had grown sleepy and had gone home by herself in a taxi. There were lights in all the houses and people had left their shades up so that the Christmas wreaths would show. She thought how exciting it was to be walking alone to midnight Mass, like staying up after nine when she was little.

It was surprising to find so many people trying to get in the church. From the lighted houses and the empty streets, it didn't seem as though so many people would be out. She paid for her seat and squeezed in between two elderly ladies, in neat black coats and fabric gloves, and an old man who looked very sleepy. "I won't know what to do, of course," she thought.

"So I will just sit and listen. I don't think it matters."

The church looked unbelievably lovely. An enormous fir tree stood at either side of the altar, festoons of spruce and hemlock fell from the ceiling, and the altar itself was banked with scarlet poinsettias and carnations. She breathed in the smell of the evergreens, the carnations, and incense. "This is the way woods should smell," she thought. "And never do. The incense with it is just right. Absolutely perfectly right."

And then, when the singing began, she sat back and listened. They sang in Latin, which was perfect, too, as stately music should not be cluttered up with intelligible words, and she thought that nothing had ever been more beautiful than the voices of the boy choristers. "I could be hypnotized now," she thought.

At the altar several priests were going through their ritual, and she was glad that she didn't understand it and so spoil the mysterious, brilliant pageant. And when the priest began his short sermon, she didn't even listen. She was afraid he might say something. So she sat and looked around her, at the clean, serious faces of the men and the relaxed, calm faces of the women. "This is the way people should be," she thought. "Just like this. Of course they probably aren't, any more than I am. But just for the moment, they look lovely. They probably think I look lovely." There were times, she thought, when it would be nice to be like the people on an old-fashioned Christmas card. Like the people who sat in calm, comfortable houses in front of huge, open fireplaces with stockings hung on the chimney. Or it would be nice to live in a Christmas village like the miniature one under the tree, in houses with snow-covered roofs beside silver lakes and pine woods with deer tracks showing in the snow. Not always, of course, but just once in a while.

There was more singing and then suddenly it was all over. With the rest of the people, she pushed her way to the altar to look at the Christ Child in His cradle. That was perfect, too. The shepherds were there with their flocks, and the Wise Men and the Madonna. She was as delighted with the detail of the scene as a child. They hadn't forgotten anything.

On her way out, she bought a candle to burn, which she placed in front of a kindly, richly-tinted saint, and then she walked out into the night air. She walked briskly and her cheeks burned. "How wonderful to feel so heavenly," she thought. "And to be conscious of it."

WHEN she opened the door to their house, they were singing carols, but something had gone wrong with the tune. "You're crazy," she heard Jim Moffatt say. "It's 'It came upon a midnight clear, that glorious so-hong of old.' You go kind of down on the word 'song.' "

"You're crazy yourself," Ellen Lovejoy said. "I guess I ought to know. The principal of the school I went to when I was little, well, his father wrote the song—the music or the words or something—and we used to have to sing it every Christmas."

"Well," intervened Mrs. Moffatt, "let's sing something we all know, like 'Jingle Bells.' "

Martha Hornsby came in and took off her hat and coat. The fur smelled of incense.

"Here she is," Jim Moffatt said. "Well, did you get religion?"

"We saved some brandy for you," Ellen Lovejoy said. "Where did you put the brandy we saved for Mrs. Hornsby, Alec?"

They found it in a bathroom tumbler on the mantel. "Here," Alec said. "You must be cold. And we've got a good one on you all right."

They all gathered around her and laughed. "Tell her, Alec," said Mrs. Moffatt.

"Well, after you'd gone we looked in the paper," Alec said triumphantly. "And you could have stayed at home in your nice warm house and heard the whole darned thing over the radio."

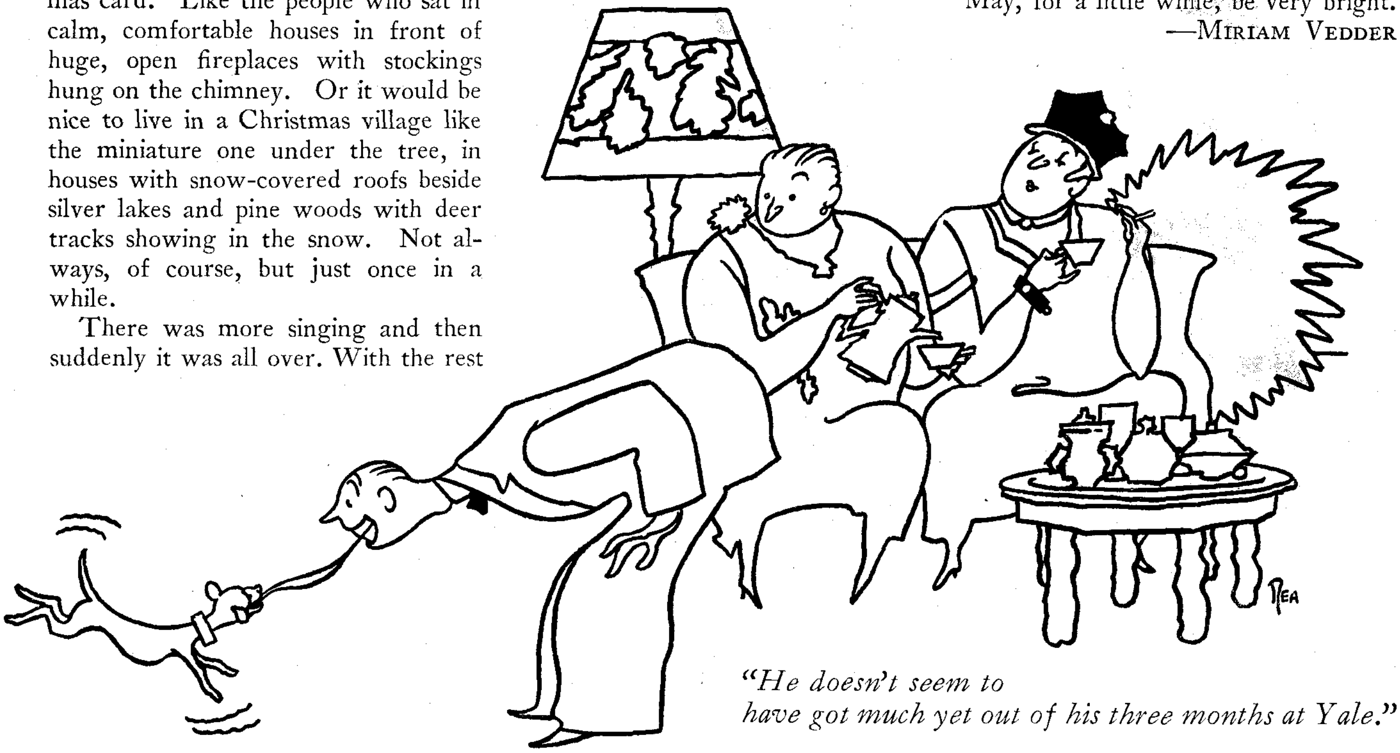
—SALLY BENSON

•

SONNET FOR A CANDLE-LIGHTER

There was no need for all the conversation
Of wherefore that and howsoever this.
It did not take your final peroration
To tell me what, at bottom, was amiss.
I knew, but oddly seemed not to remember,
How brief a time a penny candle glows,
And looked for light to live by in December
That had been guttered at the summer's close.
You may, perhaps, in thinking back, recall
An hour or two quite pleasant in the main,
And so I trust that, taken all in all,
You will not count your penny spent in vain.
This much is certain: even candlelight
May, for a little while, be very bright.

—MIRIAM VEDDER



"He doesn't seem to have got much yet out of his three months at Yale."

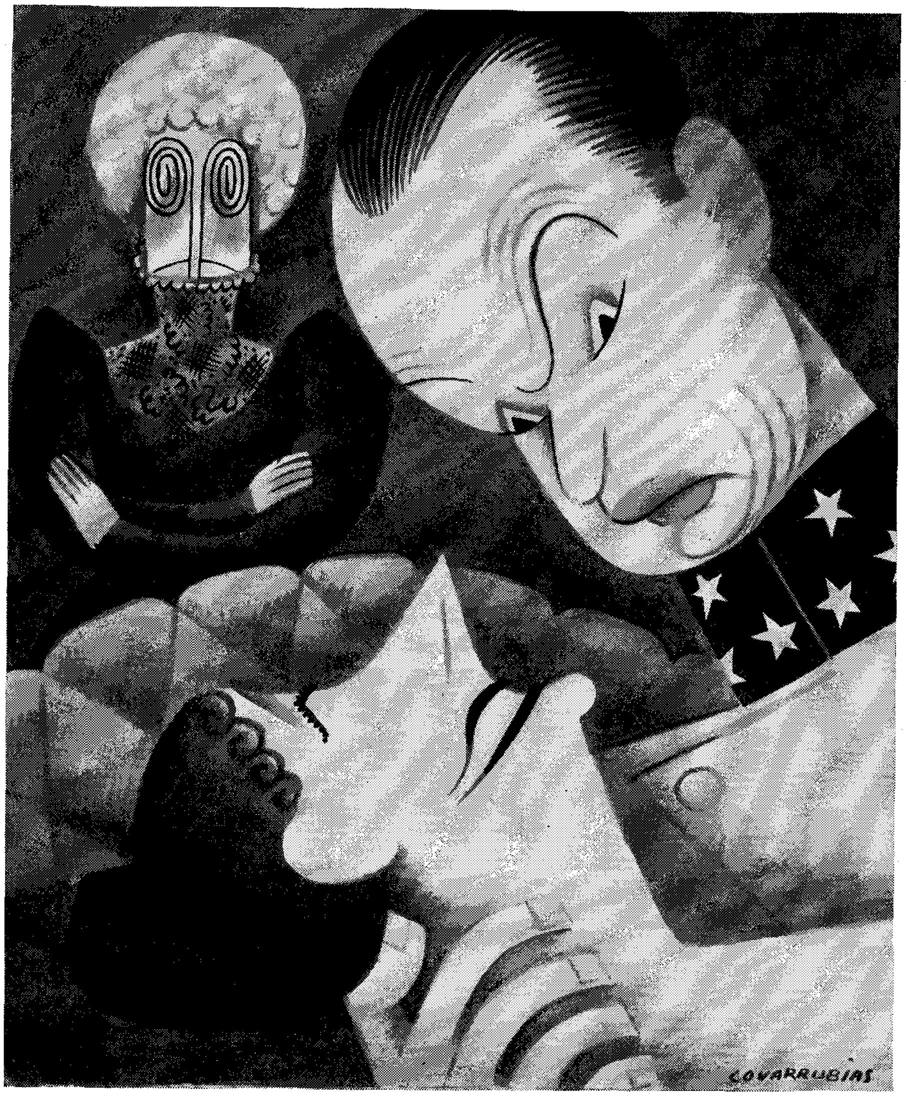
THE THEATRE

CLOWNING AND BROWNING

WITH legitimate shows softly stealing away in every direction, two bright Jewish boys have been turning the Palace bill into what almost amounts to a musical revue. This conversion of variety into near-legitimacy is a Trend, and probably deserves to be reported as such. It is going to be reported, as you can see already.

Eddie Cantor and George Jessel are the Palace's current miracle men, and have successfully stretched the engagement into the eighth week. They prance roughshod over the other acts, in and out, letting it be known by many a quip that they are the boys who have made good. In general I don't think cracks about one's personal success represent the pinnacle of clowning, but nevertheless the audience got a rich, vicarious thrill out of hearing Eddie and Georgie discussing their business relations with R.K.O., and such matters.

The show is funny for all that, and is worth seeing as a novelty. Mr. Cantor gives and gives; he is as hard-working as ever, and he and Mr. Jessel, whom he treats like a protégé, are on the stage a good part of the time. Their presence naturally has been a break for the various jugglers, hoofers, and torch singers of the bill—who suddenly find themselves solid on Broadway.



"REUNION IN VIENNA"

Sneaking back to town for one more spree in the royal prewar style, Archduke Alfred Lunt runs straight into his former sweetheart, Lynn Fontanne, who seems still able to keep in a good humor. Their chaperon—in the offing—is of course Helen Westley. At the Martin Beck.

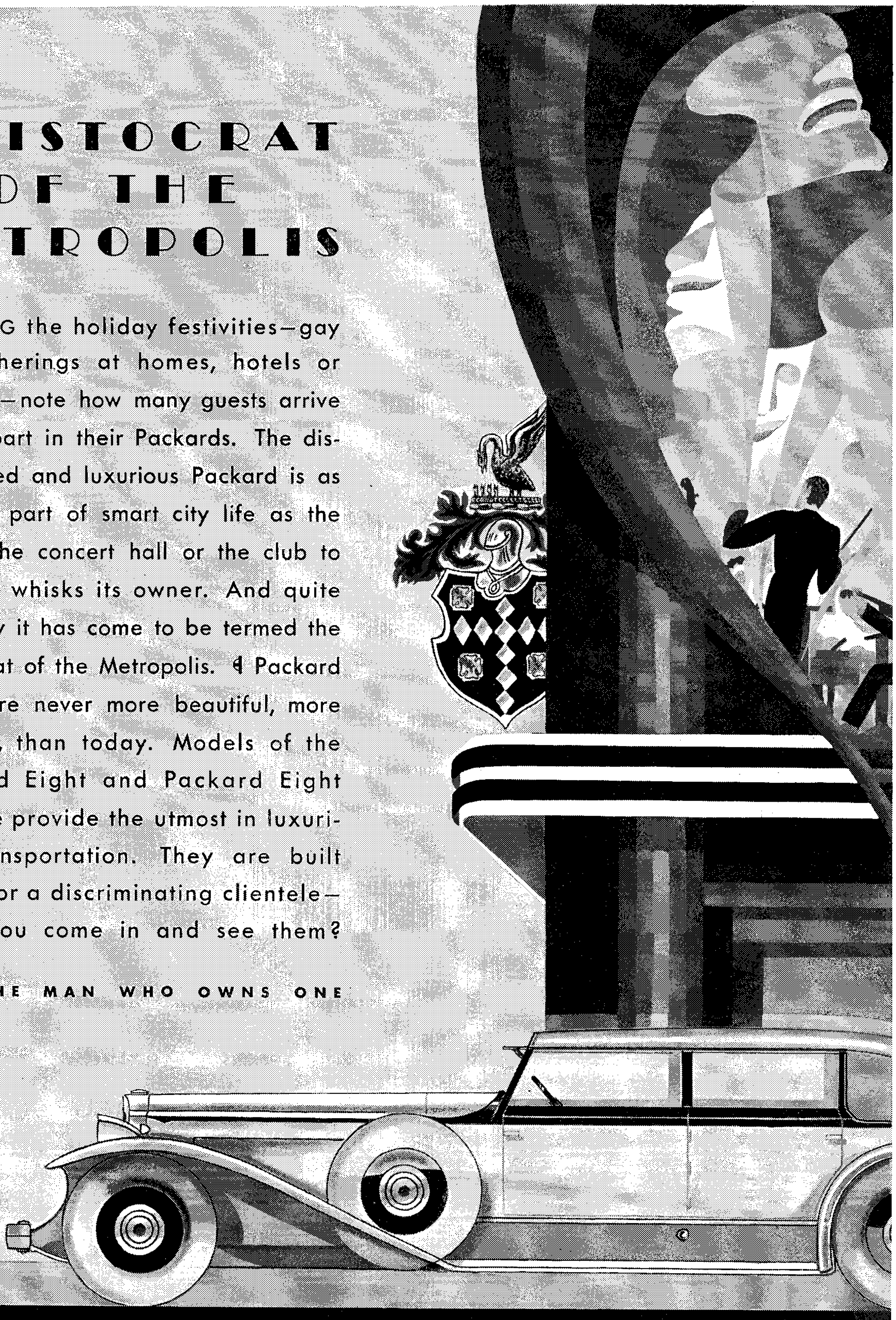
A lot of the show is banter of the mock-disparaging kind, with the success note dominant—Mr. Cantor casting slurs at Mr. Jessel, who tosses them back; all very clubby and reminiscent, and really meaning, of course, that each thinks the other is simply marvellous.

Incidentally, someone (and why not me?) ought to tell comedians about a certain matter in connection with their art—to wit, the use of Yiddish phrases. Whenever a comedian needs a sure-fire laugh he lapses into the Yiddish, and what a dismal experience it is for the handful of us outsiders who only know Icelandic! We feel like a baby whose parents are spelling out the word "candy."

Eddie Cantor met George Jessel about twenty years ago, and now, teamed up for the first time, they use their thunder in looking back from the top of life's wonderful ladder. Somehow I got the feeling that their success was cramping their style: Jessel feeling obliged to apologize for his famous sentimentality, Cantor talking about the importance of good health, good habits, and fidelity to Mrs. Cantor. Together they sing a song called "Pals," arm and arm, the confluence of their tears leaving a new highwater mark in the dear old Palace.

The more one scans, in a rapt, ecstatic way, the present methods of the Cantor-Jessel type of funnyman, the more respect one feels for—well, for Mr. Ed Wynn, who is also a successful Jewish comedian. His endearing quality is that the character he has established is at the bottom of life's ladder, not the top—just a happy defective, feverishly enthusiastic about his own inanities.

I PAID a duty call at 50, Wimpole Street, last week. There in her sitting-room was Miss Barrett, sun in the window, the ivy still trailing its shadow across the curtain, the bust of Virgil still looking down from the bookcase, the spaniel snoozing devotedly on the hearth. This house, these people, had survived the year, including the heat of last summer; and Miss Cornell's performance was still as



ARISTOCRAT
OF THE
METROPOLIS

DURING the holiday festivities—gay gatherings at homes, hotels or theaters—note how many guests arrive and depart in their Packards. The distinguished and luxurious Packard is as much a part of smart city life as the opera, the concert hall or the club to which it whisks its owner. And quite naturally it has come to be termed the Aristocrat of the Metropolis. ¶ Packard cars were never more beautiful, more modern, than today. Models of the Packard Eight and Packard Eight De Luxe provide the utmost in luxurious transportation. They are built solely for a discriminating clientele—won't you come in and see them?

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

PACKARD

PACKARD MOTOR CAR COMPANY OF NEW YORK

Eleventh Avenue at 54th Street Broadway at 61st Street Broadway at Sherman Avenue
BRONX: 696 East Fordham Road BROOKLYN: Atlantic at Classon Avenue

PARK AVENUE PACKARD, Inc.
6 East 57th Street

WEST END PACKARD CO., Inc.
Broadway at 106th Street

IF YOU'RE ONE OF THE LUCKY ONES WHO'LL BE *Sitting* AND *Sunning* . . .

drop in at our Little South Shop before you go. You'll never be able to resist our new pajamas and bathing suits and accessories. And you'll be glad you've succumbed to temptation when you add up and find you've saved a lot by buying them at Macy's.

ILLUSTRATED:

Striped wool shirt with cap, $2.74
Antibes sail cloth trousers, $5.54
Cord knit bathing suit . $7.94
Moulded rubber skull cap, 79c
Patent leather beach bag, $3.69

Macy's jolly Moby Dick Suit—coats and trousers of matching or contrasting color in jersey. Trousers, $13.74. Coats, $11.74
Roll-your-own hat, knitted, 94c

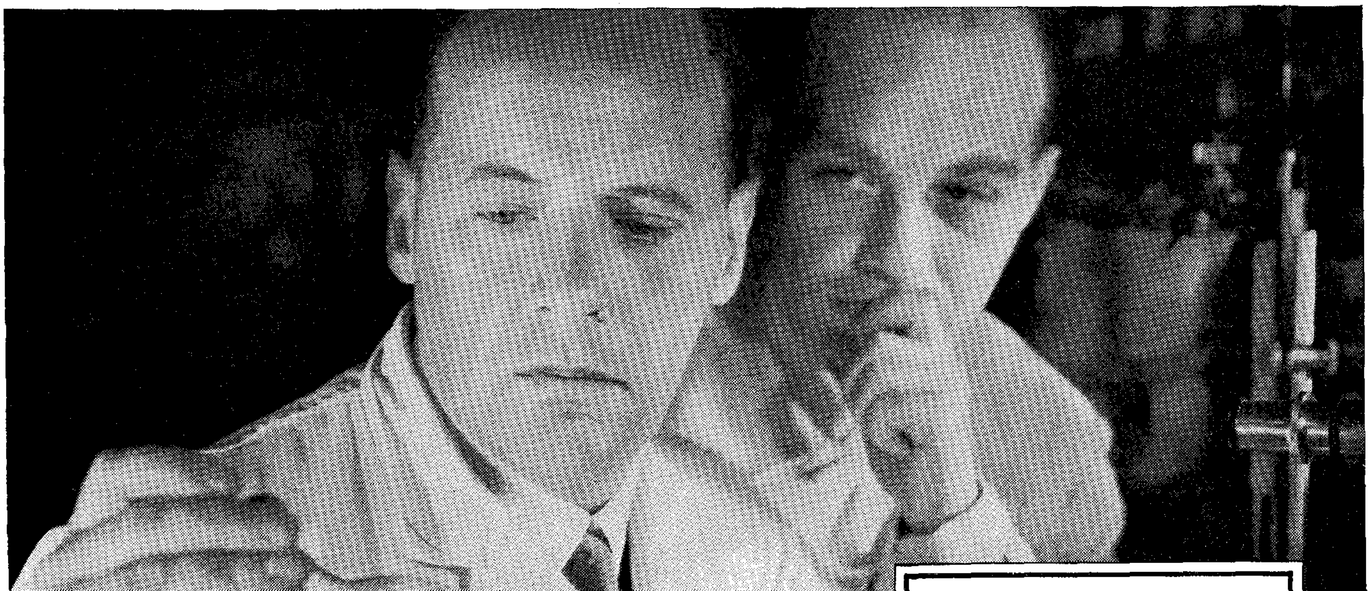
THIRD FLOOR
MACY'S
34th Street and Broadway, New York

fresh, as transporting, as on the night last February when she first received her poet in her room.

It seemed to me a finer play, even, than then; and it should amuse us all to note down in our privy ledger that the show that has lasted through these evil times is an eighty-five-year-old love story; also that, judged by any standards, it is a good play and not a bad one. Miss Cornell's peculiar achievement, as the poetess imprisoned in that insufferable household, is in making one feel, every minute of the time, the presence in her life of Robert Browning, burning bright. In this she is admittedly aided by the shrewd writing of the play and by the fine flourish of Mr. Brian Aherne during his scant moments on the stage; but much of it derives from her own interpretation, subtle and wise. Browning is actually on the stage very little—three short visits in three long acts; yet you feel that he is continually running in and out, and you know that, to at least one member of the household, his personality is even more compelling than that of Edward Moulton-Barrett. His first visit—the moment before he enters the room and the next few moments of their ecstatic conversation—remains for me the most exciting and beautiful scene of the year in the theatre. This meeting, if you recall, comes near the beginning of the play, yet the boards have been cleared for it with remarkable dispatch and thoroughness by the episode of the tankard of porter which Elizabeth has been forced to drink. That episode completely establishes the tension of the Barrett home—the tyranny of the pathological old father, the loneliness of the invalid—so that, although the playgoer has hardly tucked his hat under his seat, he is already completely aware of the exquisite importance of the meeting that is about to take place. In fact, as Elizabeth waits alone, trembling, for her Mr. Browning to come up the stairs, it seems as though you could hardly bear to have him enter the room, lest the whole thing be spoiled in actuality. I think Miss Cornell is superb in this moment: a woman intellectually on her guard, frightened, yet deliriously happy for almost the first time in her life.

In other respects, too, the play has weathered the seasons. There is one change. Margalo Gillmore now plays Henrietta—a passionate and worried Henrietta, rather than the rebellious, appealing one that was intended.

—E. B. W.



DR. SCHILF IS ONE OF GERMANY'S FOREMOST MEDICAL EXPERTS

"It aids the flow of gastric juices, Checks Indigestion"

declares DR. ERICH SCHILF, of Berlin

WHY has fresh yeast such a remarkable effect in cases of gastric distress—"acid stomach," heartburn, discomfort after meals?

The reason is very simple. Fresh yeast purifies the entire digestive tract . . . "tones it up" . . . *stimulates secretion of the juices that help digest your food!*

If you want proof of that statement, here are the words of one of the foremost physicians in Germany today—Dr. Erich Schilf, Professor of Physiology and Internal Medicine in the great University of Berlin.

"Doctors," he states, "have long prescribed fresh yeast for intestinal and digestive troubles. Its action is very different from that of the usual irritating laxatives and pills.

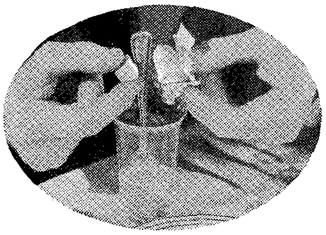
"Fresh yeast increases the flow of gastric juices, incites a stronger activity of the intestines . . . helps prevent attacks of indigestion and other symptoms of poor health."

If you want a healthier digestion, a normal appetite, and regular, daily elimination of body waste, act on this famous doctor's advice. Eat yeast!

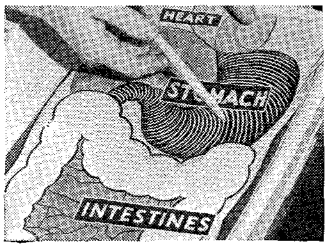
Just ask for *Fleischmann's* Yeast—the *fresh* yeast rich in health-giving vitamins B, G and D. And write for free booklet on Yeast for Health. Standard Brands Incorporated, 691 Washington Street, New York City.

• • •

The noted stomach specialist, DR. AUGUSTE BÉCART, of Paris, says, "To strengthen a weak stomach I prescribe fresh yeast. It improves the digestion and appetite." DR. HANHART, prominent Zurich physician, states, "Fresh yeast corrects the self-poisoning caused when food wastes remain in the body too long."



Are you troubled with indigestion? Just eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast a day—plain, or dissolved in a third of a glass of water or any way you like—before meals, or between meals and at bedtime.

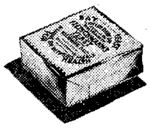


Fleischmann's Yeast fosters secretion of digestive juices . . . cleanses the intestinal tract . . . corrects indigestion *by natural means!*

"My case bears out what doctors say"

"I felt all in," *writes* David K. Young, *Springfield, Mass.* "No appetite. Indigestion. My whole system was sluggish.

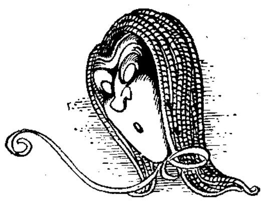
"A doctor had recommended Fleischmann's Yeast to friends of mine. I tried it . . . haven't had any indigestion since."



Important **FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST for health is sold only in the foil-wrapped cake with the yellow label. It is yeast in its fresh and effective form—the kind famous doctors recommend. At grocers, restaurants and soda fountains.**

© 1931, Standard Brands Incorporated

SHOUTS AND MURMURS



ADDENDA

FROM Dr. Wilbur Samuel Howell, instructor in public speaking at Harvard, I have received a letter that nominates Mrs. William A. Conner of Mineola, Long Island, as one fit to stand beside Mélisande when it comes to restrained utterance under great provocation. Avid newspaper readers may recall that earlier in the month, Mrs. Conner became a subject of public contemplation when it was learned that she had taken under her [1] roof not only May Gledhill, the pretty Canadian girl whom Mr. Conner had got into what is technically known as trouble, but also the ensuing child.

This hospitality was afforded during the unavoidable absence of the *casus belli*, who was detained in Vermont by a sentence for forgery. From his cell, however, he wrote cheering letters to both women, which they appear to have read to each other with much sociability. Indeed, the reporters were allowed [2] to copy these two samples which Conner had thriftily dispatched to his crowded home in one envelope:

> MY DEAR WIFE:
> I am looking forward to the time I get out of here, when you and I may start life anew. I know that I have caused you much grief and misery, but you must know that I regret it all. I know that you understand me and the world, and that you will find it in your big, forgiving heart to forgive me.
>
> MY DARLING MAY:
> I am counting the days when I will be with you again. Separation from you is maddening. I love you. Soon we will be together again with our love.

What entitles these letters to a place in my dossier of under-statements is [3] Mrs. Conner's comment upon them. She said they showed that Mr. Conner was "out of rhythm with life."

NOT all the contributions to this collection are so admirably documented, and at least one reader sent in from Chicago a modern instance with an appeal to this broadcasting station for help in reminding him where he read it. It seems that during a recent anti-clerical demonstration in Mexico, a report was received in Mexico City from an outlying Governor unsympathetic with the agitation. The Governor wrote as follows:

"The assassination of the clergy in this district continues without incident worthy of notice."

No documentation, however, is needed for the instance of restraint contributed orally by the author of that monstrous and magnificent novel, "Sanctuary." William Faulkner knows his Mississippi, and is welcome to it. Quoth he:

> On an afternoon in October, 1931, in a baseball game played in Isaac Ellwanger's cow-pasture, the chief error was the one committed by Washington Hawkins in sliding to what he thought was third base.

MEANWHILE, the dossier of repellent nomenclature is fairly bulging with recent contributions. These were in many instances inspired by my recent announcement that there was actually on the market now a digestive tablet (erected, I suppose, to the memory of some good dinner) called Tums. I even tried to envisage the meeting of the board of directors who voted on that roguish trade-mark. It was, perhaps, inevitable that some reader should write in that the rejection of the pretty idea would have been a case of "Tums down." If the impending extinction of our civilization, which the great Mr. Wells forecasts, has not been accomplished ten years from now, I trust that Frederick Lewis Allen will publish a sequel to [4] that fascinating book of his called "Only Yesterday." If he lives to write a history of the '30s he will, I think, be driven to record that, in the early years of that era, the American business man went sis in a big way, and sat about with his finger in his mouth like the dying Elizabeth. In evidence whereof, I submit the fact that a store in Akron, Ohio, has been advertising a "gifty" shoe cabinet, that a small roadside structure near Babylon, Long Island, is [5] labelled a Kumfy Station, that a wholesale druggist is making a salve for children's colds called Rub-My-Tism—can you bear it?—and that there is a restaurant in Wall Street called The Nibbles.

But I would not for one moment suggest that this trend is limited to our own dear country. The Peppercorn Press in London has been caught (pink-handed) advertising one of its books as "an ideal Christmas giftlet." Of such is the twilight of Empire. Nor are the Dominions in any position to sneer at this crepuscular manifestation. In Toronto, a Dr. Jackson puts forth two breakfast foods for children. One of them is called Lishus, and the other—the noble woman who actually went into a store in Evanston to order a package for me had to go home and lie down afterwards—the other is called Bekus Puddy. In the printed matter on the container, the good doctor breaks down and makes the following [6] confession: "Bekus Puddy was so named by a chit of a girl just learning to talk." All of which is respectfully submitted by dray bid normous

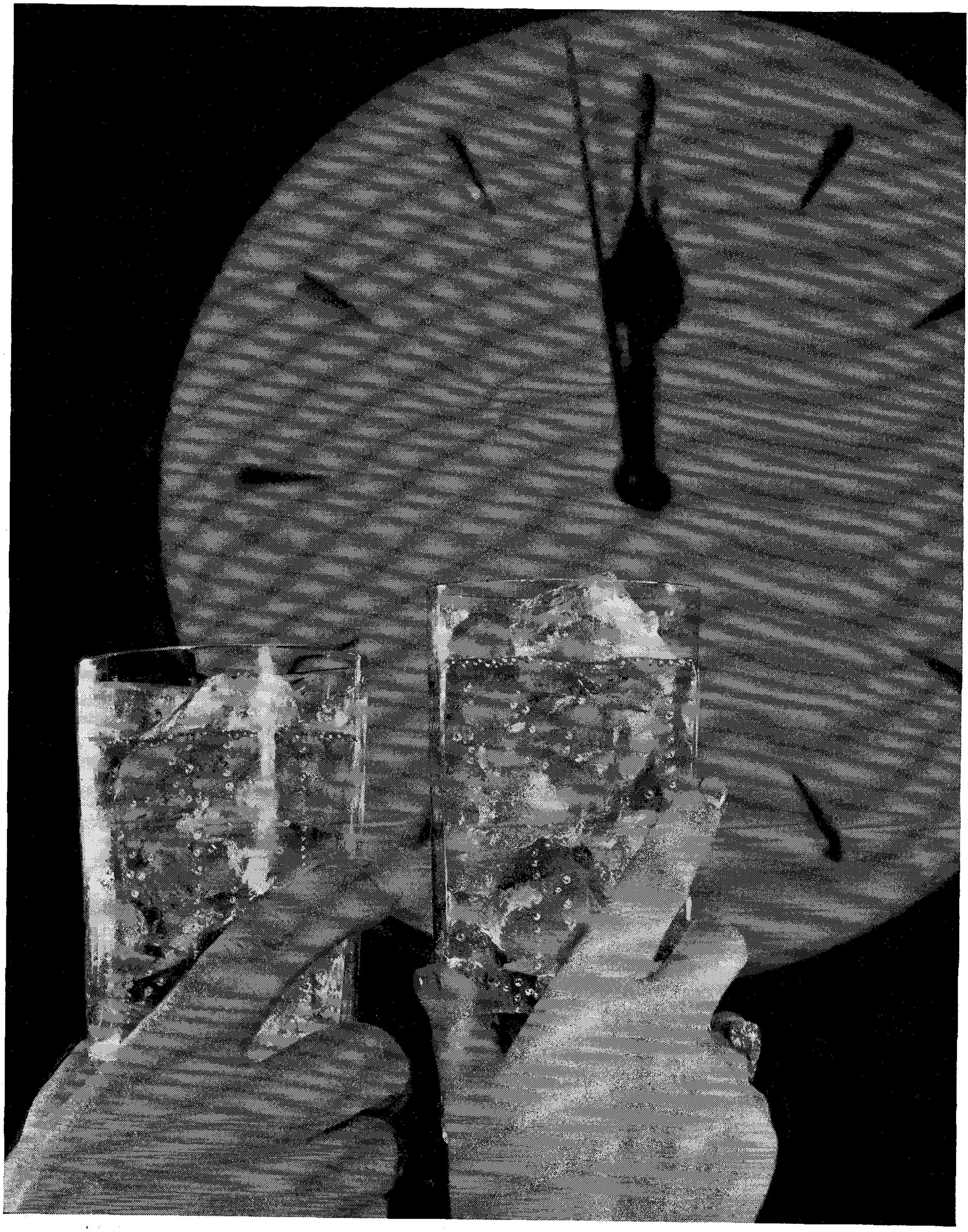
ACKIE WOOLLCOTT

---

1. Known to the grateful head-line writers as "The Ski Girl" because she was the model for a familiar Canadian poster.
2. According to an Associated Press dispatch of December 1, 1931.
3. Don't you prefer these diacritical numerals printed out in the margin this way instead of strewn through the text to plague the eye and distract the attention?
4. This device for satisfying the student's passion for foot-notes without maddening the layman was invented by Philip Guedalla, and first employed in his superb biography of Wellington, which is the December pet of The Literary Guild. Such scrupulous documentation is, of course, a tacit criticism of his contemporary and rival, that other bright middle-aged thing, the indolent Lytton Strachey, who, when challenged to name his authority for such and such a dark hint in "Elizabeth and Essex," has been known to reply blandly: "I invented it."
5. An instance reported to this department by Dorothy Parker.
6. There are those of us to whom this Guedalla device will bring more comfort than such comparatively unimportant inventions as the automobile and the radio. Hereafter, there will be no more excuse for sprinkling the text with imprisoned numerals than there is for putting up a skyscraper without recourse to the noiseless riveter.

HOFFMAN
PURVEYORS TO FINE TASTES

NEW YORKERS WILL Toast WITH MORE HOFFMAN PALE DRY THAN WITH ANY OTHER GINGER ALE



THE WAYWARD PRESS

"OUTWARD FORM AND FEATURE"

THE undersigned has been informed on excellent authority that, as a problem in engineering, the mechanism of the New York Telephone Company is now so complicated that there is no engineer in its employ who can understand it. It requires six engineers—each retiring into a cubicle and understanding for dear life from dawn to dusk—to grasp its intricate entirety. The present posture of world economics is similarly complex. So complex that no one man, unless it be some fellow with the panoramic eye of an H. G. Wells, can take it all in. Small wonder that our newspapers are wan from the strain of trying to make readable, or even coherent, their Washington dispatches on the daily aspect of a problem which, to put it mildly, they themselves do not clearly understand.

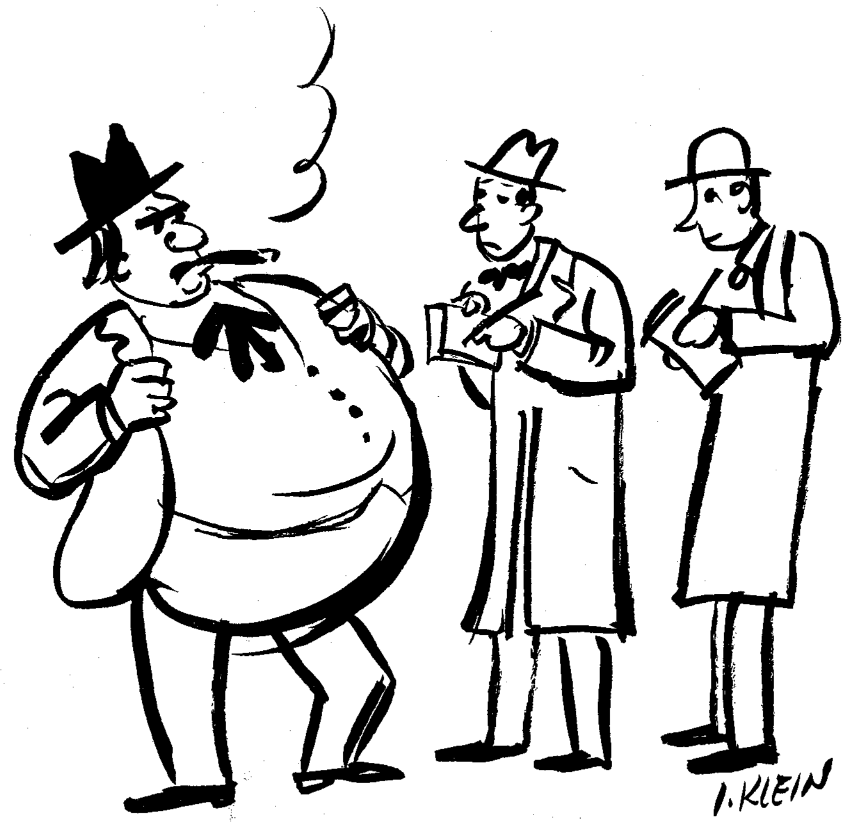
Then please consider the circumstance that the only noteworthy war going on in the world at present is one for which even the editors who are safely beyond the draft age have no stomach. Furthermore it is a war which involves such unpronounceable names (like Tsitsihar, for instance) as preclude the possibility of a Manchurian campaign ever becoming the subject of general conversation in this country. These two factors—the agonizing complexity of the economic debacle and the intense unreadability of the only war cloud on the horizon—are enough to explain why the job of managing editor is not much fun these days. And why the recent front pages have lacked the infectious zest which comes from the craftsman's knowledge that his wares are going to be enjoyed. Or even read.

Clearly our more considerable dailies are heroically dedicated to the theory that their most conspicuous columns should present what the people ought to know, rather than what the people want to read. Otherwise all such topics, now conventionally regarded as front-page news, would be relegated to the sections more familiarly occupied by specialties like Marine Intelligence and the Arrival of Buyers. Then the front pages could be gladsomely given over to some such story as the one which concerned the long-locked trunks of Mrs. Ida Wood. But our newspapers are now such conscientious international institutions that a simple bit of neighborhood gossip like that has become a rarity.

It must be admitted in this connection that American journalism, discouraged by the prospective unreadability of news from Manchuria, has done little, as far as we know, to meet the situation created in Manchuria by the Japanese hunger for more space. Indeed we have noted only two gestures in that direction. The head-line writers have been slowly but firmly breaking their readers to a familiarity with the word "Sino-Japanese," and one journal has shipped to the scene of the fracas that old war horse, Floyd Gibbons. His military uniform, we suspect, had been kept in well-brushed readiness ever since he took it off several years after the late war.

SPEAKING of the present perplexities of Washington correspondence, Mr. Hoover's first message to the new Congress was variously received by the different New York papers, and indeed was variously received in one instance by the same New York paper. Most interesting was the divergence in the comments made upon it by the editorial page of the *Herald Tribune* and by the temperate but forceful Walter Lippmann on another page of that same daily. It would be a gross exaggeration to say that, while the *Herald Tribune* held up that wordy document as a little gem in which only radicals and perfectionists could find a flaw, Mr. Lippmann presented it rather as the outgivings of a man who was not quite bright. But it would be no exaggeration at all to report that these two forces could be felt as pulling in opposite directions. Nor would it be a mere mischievous intrusion to note that here is a situation at least potentially analogous to one which not long ago was disturbing the peace of the erstwhile New York *World*. That was when Mr. Lippmann headed the editorial page, and Mr. Broun was handing in the dissenting opinion. It was a disturbance which ended with Mr. Broun on the *Telegram*, and the *World* (not, to be sure, as a consequence) on the toboggan.

The Lippmann article appears four times a week, and, syndicated as it is in some thirty-eight other newspapers throughout the country, it is the best contribution to lucid thinking which is now available to the American citizen through the medium of printer's ink. It is certainly the ablest editorial writing to be found in this city, and some of us would sooner go without our

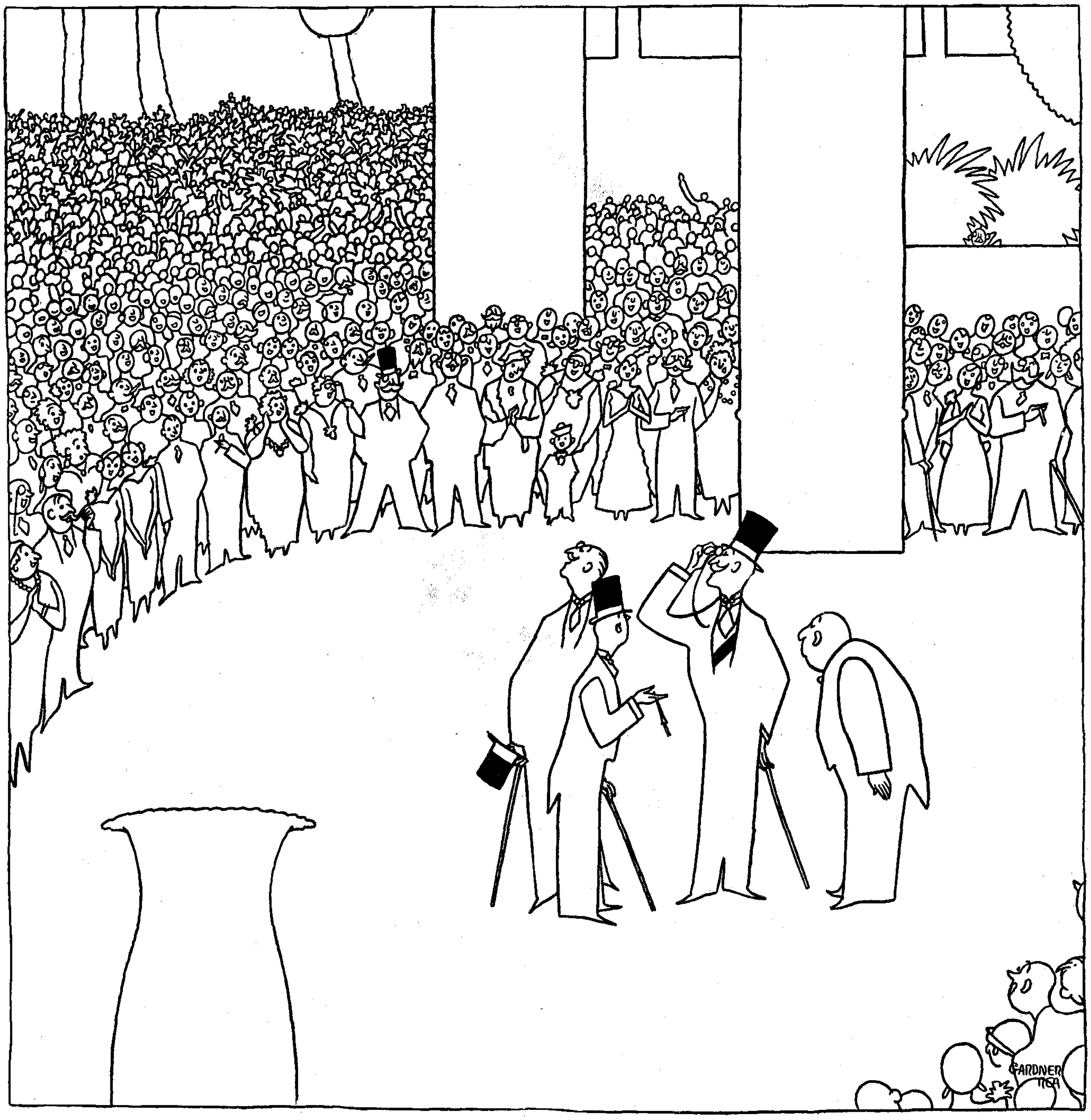


"You may tell your readers I am not Presidential timber."

THE ADVENTURES OF THE CONDOSSIS ROYAL FAMILY IN AMERICA

By Mark O'Dea

No. 4—Arriving at the Waldorf-Astoria



"Do you know, Oscar, this is my first glimpse of your American unemployed."

MEN and women whose names give glamour to the Social Register are welcoming King Condossis, Prince Condossis and Count Condossis as new and distinguished favorites.

These three super-cigarettes, created by A. D. Condossis, noted purveyor to royalty and other epicures here and abroad, have established new and refined standards of cigarette luxury.

You will never again be completely satisfied with ordinary cigarettes once you have become acquainted with *your* type of these unusual new blends.

King Condossis—10 for 25c—and Prince Condossis—10 for 15c—are large and medium size cigarettes of the rarest Turkish-Macedonian tobaccos, especially selected. Count Condossis—20 for 20c—is a striking new blend of American and imported tobaccos, recognized as a great improvement over the "popular" Virginia blends.

Introductions to the Royal Family of Condossis cigarettes are now to be had at the most exclusive clubs, hotels and tobacconists. © 1931 c. t. c.

(Advertisement)

SPEED THE OLD YEAR OUT . . .
SING THE NEW YEAR IN . . .
in gay QUEBEC

YOU too will call it *bonne année* . . . you'll sing *chansons* with the merry crowd. Really just overnight from home, yet you're in a foreign land to greet the New Year . . . set down in the midst of a French carnival... lighthearted... spontaneous . . . gay! Outside, the moon and a million diamonds gleam on a snow-mantled world. Inside, great fires roar . . . dancers whirl . . . joyous laughter rolls through the halls. It's the *Jour de l'An* ball . . . the brilliant fete that opens the winter sport season in old Quebec.

Get a party together . . . four . . . six . . . eight congenial souls . . . for a gayer . . . merrier New Year's than you've ever had before! Make it a winter holiday . . . skate, snowshoe or ski. You'll toboggan, too! And at night, you'll come back to the glowing fires and bounteous cheer of the Frontenac.

A CANADIAN PACIFIC HOTEL

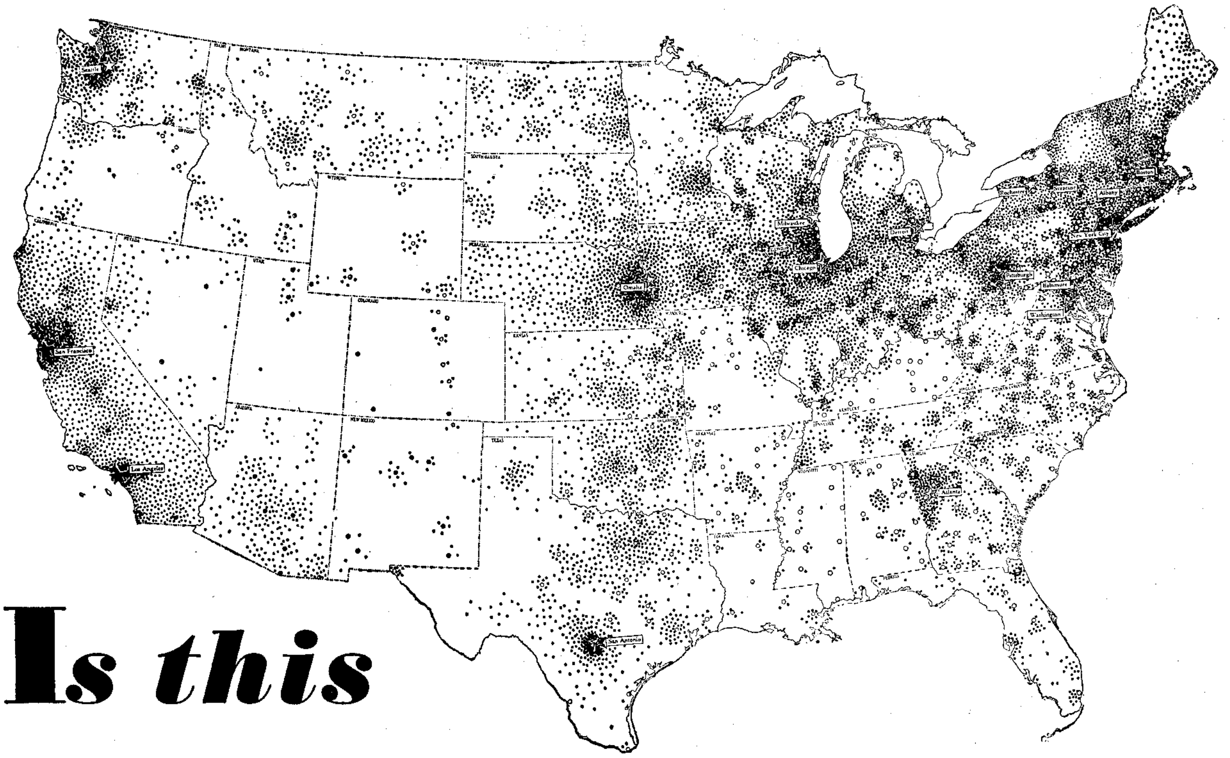
Chateau Frontenac

Excellent train service. Why not leave Wednesday night, December 30th. Return Sunday P. M.; and be back early Monday morning . . . Reservations at Canadian Pacific, 344 Madison Ave., New York; 405 Boylston St., Boston; 1500 Locust St., Philadelphia; or write Chateau Frontenac, Quebec, Canada.

REDUCED RAILWAY FARES FOR THE HOLIDAYS

breakfast coffee. For reasons on which one can only speculate, his work seems to be of a sturdier strength than he manifested on the *World*. You may at least guess, however, that this access of strength derives from one of his distinct limitations as a knockabout journalist—the fact that he works better when he is in a room by himself.

NEWSPAPER publishers and those functionaries who are sometimes amusingly described as executive editors are often kept awake all morning by the difficulty of controlling their features. This may sound confusingly like a description of a performance by dat ole davil, George Marion, the facial-expression king, but the meaning must be clear enough from the context. Even the most decorous of the features give trouble at times. You might think, for instance, that so innocuous a serial as the bedtime stories of Thornton W. Burgess might be counted on to trickle along unwatched. But careful students of the *Herald Tribune* may have noticed that, in the early part of last month, even that daily narcotic appears to have created some disturbance in the editorial councils. For, beginning with the issue of November 2, Mr. Burgess entered upon a frankly scandalous chronicle of an affair Peter Rabbit had with a young, soft-eyed minx of a cottontail named Molly Rabbit. Peter would drowse around home all day, and then sneak out at dusk to spend the night in exhausting dalliance in the bushes of the Old Pasture. In the ensuing chapters, as Mr. Burgess wrote them, Mrs. Peter sallied forth to study and frustrate this painful infidelity, and one was confronted with all the ingredients of a French farce. The horrified *Herald Tribune* first met this situation by boldly cutting all references to the wife out of the first instalment, and thereafter, when such deletions would have involved impossible rendings of the text, changing her hastily to Peter's mother, who, up to that time, had taken no part in the conversation and, indeed, had not previously appeared in the series at all. Apparently the feeling was that this substitution lent to Peter's nocturnal romance the air of a boyish prank. Unfortunately, in this disinfecting process, it was too late to change the illustrations, and the tots who had long been familiar by sight with all the characters in this series must have been confused to hear Nurse read aloud the account of a meeting between Molly



Is this NATIONAL MAGAZINE *coverage?*

BECAUSE of the fact that The American Weekly is distributed through the medium of seventeen great metropolitan newspapers, the question is frequently asked, "Does The American Weekly actually give national magazine coverage?"

That's a fair question and we shall do our best to answer it fairly.

Study the outline map at the top of this page and you will get some idea of the coverage that an advertiser buys through the use of The American Weekly.

Each black dot on this map represents 100 families who regularly read The American Weekly.

The sum total of these dots represents more than 5,500,000 families in forty-eight states and the District of Columbia who buy this great magazine every week.

A further analysis reveals that 91.1% of The American Weekly circulation is concentrated in the twenty-five states that return 85% of all income tax statements.

The next largest magazine competitor has less than 81% of its circulation in these twenty-five states—which means *less than half* the circulation of The American Weekly in these vital states.

A further analysis of these dots reveals that:

In 578 of America's 997 towns and cities of 10,000 population and over, according to 1930 U. S. census figures, The American Weekly *concentrates and dominates.*

In each of 152 cities, The American Weekly reaches one out of every two families.

In 108 more cities, it reaches 40 to 50%.

In an additional 146 cities, it reaches 30 to 40%.

In another 172 cities, it reaches 20 to 30%.

. . . and, in addition, more than 1,700,000 families in thousands of other communities, large and small, regularly buy The American Weekly.

More than five and a half million families, located in the richest buying areas, at the lowest cost per family.

A page advertisement in full color, more than twice the size of any other magazine page, at a cost of less than one-third cent per family.

Is this national magazine coverage, Mr. National Advertiser?

What other magazine can match it?

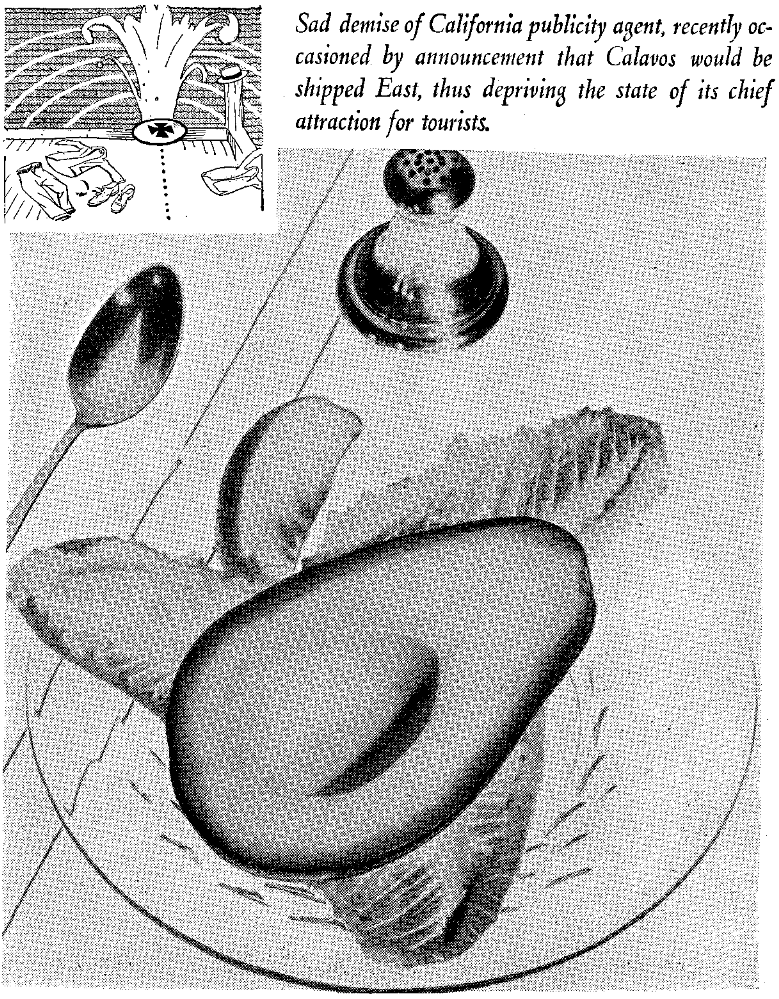
THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

Greatest Circulation in the World

Main Office: 959 Eighth Avenue, New York City

Branch Offices: Palmolive Bldg., Chicago . . . 5 Winthrop Square, Boston . . . 753 Bonnie Brae, Los Angeles . . . 222 Monadnock Bldg., San Francisco
11-250 General Motors Bldg., Detroit . . . 1138 Hanna Bldg., Cleveland . . . 101 Marietta St., Atlanta . . . International Bldg., St. Louis

]



Sad demise of California publicity agent, recently occasioned by announcement that Calavos would be shipped East, thus depriving the state of its chief attraction for tourists.

These wholly different salads

UNLIKE other fruits in appearance and delicious flavor, Calavos* become table conversation wherever they appear. Served once as *something new*, they fast become a custom.

The Halfshell serving is the favorite in California where this aristocrat of salad fruits is grown. Place Calavo half on bed of lettuce. Serve with a thin, sharp dressing; or better, with a little lemon juice and salt. Heavy dressings hide the Calavo's subtle flavor and melting goodness.

The Halfshell is correctly eaten with a spoon—whether served at the most formal dinner or for your private enjoyment at luncheon. It is an ideal mid-day meal in itself—satisfying, energizing, yet "light."

Try Calavos this way first; then in a variety of other tempting ways.

FREE Book of Healthful Servings

"The New Calavo Hostess Book" illustrates correct servings for nearly every course: hors d'hoeuvres, cocktails, sandwich spreads, salads—even an ice cream of rare smoothness. It explains the importance of Calavos' vitamins, minerals and natural fruit oils (93.8% digestible). Send coupon now for free copy.

Leading clubs, hotels and restaurants serve Calavos. Your grocer can supply your home table. Ask for Calavos by name; they alone are selected for finest consistency and delicious flavor, then stamped "Calavo" on the skin. © 1931 C. G. C.

CALAVO

The Aristocrat of Salad Fruits

**Calavos are the latest scientific development of the old, tropical alligator pear, avocado or ahuacate.*

CALAVO GROWERS OF CALIFORNIA, Dept. 512, 4803 Everett Avenue, Los Angeles, California.
You may send a *free* copy of "The New Calavo Hostess Book," containing recipes, correct service suggestions and detailed health information on "The Aristocrat of Salad Fruits."

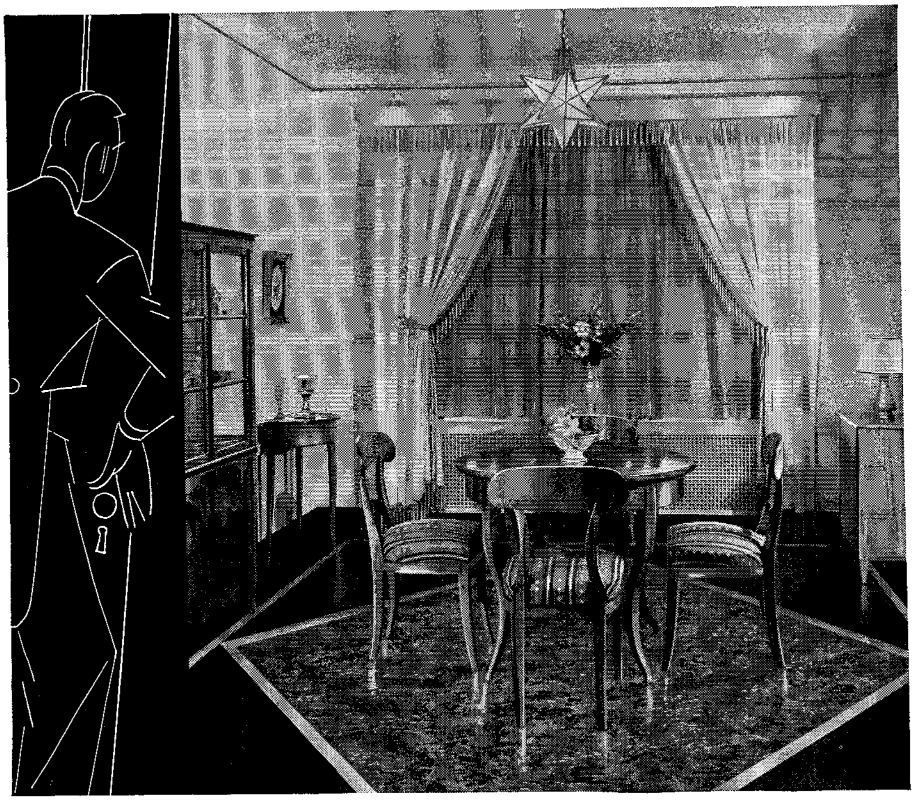
Name __________ Street __________
City __________ State __________

and Peter's old mother, when the accompanying picture clearly showed that the meeting was really between Molly and Peter's wife. They could solve the mystery only on the extravagant theory that Peter, without mentioning the matter (as of course he wouldn't), had married his maternal parent. You can even imagine one of the kiddies hurling the paper away in disgust and exclaiming: "Hell, Nana, that old Oedipus stuff again!"

SOME day there might be food for profitable reflection in this department on the more recent statistics about the disbanded staff of the New York *World*. It would, of course, be difficult to trace the hundreds of anonymous newspapermen who were dumped on the streets by the decision of the younger Pulitzers not to impoverish the estate further through any mere sentimental regard for the last wishes of their father. But most of the *World's* more conspicuous features found lodgment in rival gazettes, and there were even several evidences here and there of an effort to take over its flavor. Indeed, Mr. Mencken, from the middle distance afforded by his Baltimore home, could be heard emitting hoarse chuckles at this puzzling spectacle of sundry newspapers trying to reproduce the character of a rival which had, in that character, gone crashing onto the rocks. A cannier spectator might have suspected that this imitative policy was, in part at least, an effort to snatch the *World's* quota of daily book advertising which had been garnered by the popularity of its "op. ed." page among the literate. If this was the motive behind the *American's* immediate inauguration of such a page, one can only be saddened by the meagreness of the result. The lion's share of such weekday book advertising appears at a hasty glance to have gone to the *Herald Tribune*, and only a few crumbs have fallen to the *American's* strange blend of Charles Hanson Towne and Havelock Ellis which that newspaper itself describes as "the brilliant outpourings of keen minds." The most unexpected figure *dans cette galère* is the matchless Rebecca West, who was induced to join the *American's* constellation by the blandishments of George Doran, now representing Mr. Hearst in London. Her occasional contributions appear under the somewhat sickening caption "I Said to Me," a title which it is safe to wager she did not herself devise. One "I Said to Me" piece early this month was a singularly beautiful essay, a delicate pastel on the twilight of empire, profound, subtle, aloof, and (at a rough estimate) comprehensible to about one in every thousand of the newspaper's circulation. But the only advertising which was next this lovely reading matter—indeed, the only ad which all the keen minds brilliantly outpouring in unison had sucked into the page that morning—was the small, sly announcement of a bookshop where Miss West's public might buy, among other items, "Romance of a Harem" for 89c, and "Woman and Puppet" by Pierre Louÿs for 99c.

SPEAKING of book ads, there remains to be recorded a recent minor scuffle between the *Times* and a certain book publisher. The episode will be cheerful reading for all those sulky advertising agents who, in days past, have felt they were being treated by the purse-proud *Times* as so many worms. This publisher chap had reserved for the announcement of his wares the coveted back page of the literary supplement through a month of Sundays, or at least through a scattered series of Sundays in this year and next. Such a contract for what is known to the trade as "preferred position" calls for a thirty-day notice by the advertiser of any change of heart or date. In this instance the advertiser discovered too late that, on the date of his first reservation, he would not be ready to embark on his campaign. With touching innocence, he assumed that the *Times* would not be technical about it, and was the more shocked when he learned he would be held to his bargain. Incredulous, he dallied, only to discover, as the deadline approached, that he had but forty-eight hours in which to prepare copy for an advertisement which would cost him fourteen hundred dollars, and which he could not possibly use at that time to advantage. Thus cornered, he groped for inspiration. It came. With his own Italian hand he prepared his copy and sent it to the remorseless *Times*. Upon the receipt of that copy, the whole question was reopened, a satisfactory adjustment was arranged, and a good time was had by all. For, taking a leaf out of souvenir programs and all such courtesy advertising in needy publications, he had elected to use the page, which he was being compelled to pay for, without any text upon its pallid surface other than the simple legend "Compliments of a Friend."

—TIMOTHY VANE



Our prices range from very little to very much

How many salary cuts have you taken this year? What—none? Then we'll spare no expense in designing your Sealex Custom Floor. "Put in a lot of elaborate figures to be cut out by hand," we'll whisper to our designers. It will be hard—but (if you insist) we'll make that floor cost money. And it will be a very, very beautiful floor.

But even if your income is not up to 1929 standards, don't keep us at a distance. The interior illustrated above shows how a floor may be made original and distinctive—yet still remain relatively moderate in price.

But perhaps what you want just at present is nothing more than a hard-working, yet thoroughly inexpensive, kitchen floor. Well, we can still be friends. In our showrooms at 295 Fifth Avenue, we have on view one of the largest collections of ready-made linoleum patterns in New York City. Also, a completely furnished model kitchen which may give you an idea or two. After you have found the design that pleases you most, we'll be glad to refer you to contractors and dealers who will give you a fair price—and an excellent installation.

Sealex
CUSTOM FLOOR SERVICE
16TH FLOOR, 295 FIFTH AVE. BOGARDUS 4-2420

All the glory of
WHOLE TOMATOES

COLLEGE INN
COLLEGE INN
TOMATO JUICE
COCKTAIL

in this
famous
Cocktail

Among all Nature's gifts, none is more temptingly delicious, more heavily laden with healthful properties than the *whole* tomato. And nowhere is its glory so reflected as in original College Inn Tomato Juice Cocktail.

It's the utmost in full-bodied, full-flavored tomato juice; made from the finest *whole* tomatoes; hand picked—and then blended into an invigorating, spicy cocktail. It's packed by the new, exclusive Hi-Vita process; preserves all the original delicate flavor and vitamins.

Always put up in glass containers—you see what's inside—and the new cap is amazingly easy to take off.

Insist upon original College Inn Tomato Juice Cocktail. Compared to most *canned* juices it's like fresh, rich, creamy, whole cream instead of thin, watery milk.

College Inn

THE ORIGINAL
TOMATO JUICE
COCKTAIL

COLLEGE INN FOOD PRODUCTS CO.
Hotel Sherman . . . . . . Chicago
415 Greenwich St. . . New York

SELECTED LAWSUITS OF 1931

THE Chicago divorce suit in which the husband accused the wife, among other things, of painting black stripes on the trousers of his new gray suit.

The suit to break the will of the Massachusetts patriot who requested that his skin be made into drumheads and given to the local drum corps on condition that on Bunker Hill at sunrise of June 17 each year they should beat on the drum the tune of "Yankee Doodle."

The forfeiture proceedings which the United States Government brought against a group of silver-fox puppies, born fifty-two days after the importation of their mother and promptly seized by customs officers for fraudulent entry.

The unsuccessful injunction suit brought by a New York artist's model against the penny arcade where she discovered herself on display when she peeped in a machine.

The suit to break the will of the Philadelphia tradesman who left a fortune to his widow on condition that she remain in America eight months out of every year: "Residence in the City of New York shall not be regarded as residence in the United States."

The suit brought by forty Brooklyn telescope-operators to restrain a prominent flagpole-sitter from quitting his pole.

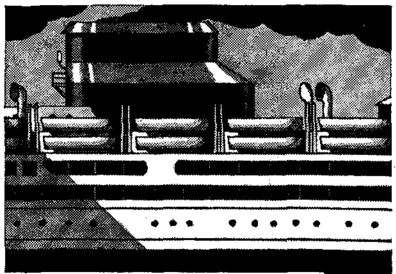
The suit brought by a Pittsburgh woman against the man who sold her a money-making machine, to recover damages because the machine would not turn out ten-dollar bills, as it did when he demonstrated it.

The suit brought by Roumanian villagers against the owner of the new motion-picture house to recover for injuries sustained during the stampede which followed their initial sight of a locomotive roaring down the screen in their direction.

The suit for malnutrition against a Bucharest dentist who held the plaintiff's teeth as security for his wife's unpaid bill.

The charge of reckless walking brought against a Paris banker by the dressmaker he knocked down while hurrying across the Rue de Rivoli.

The suit for ten dollars which a Los Angeles maiden filed against her dancing partner: six dollars for damage to shoes, four dollars for damage to sensitive spirits. —JOSEPH P. POLLARD



LUXURY
CRUISES

MEDITERRANEAN—ADRIATIC
Take the SATURNIA OR VULCANIA and sail the glorious southern route to Lisbon, Gibraltar, Algiers, Cannes, Palermo, Naples, Greece, Trieste. Stopover privileges. Shore excursions.
30-Day Cruises—Jan. 9 Feb. 19 Mar. 25

•

WEST INDIES—SOUTH AMERICA
Four VULCANIA Luxury Cruises. Witness an active volcano in St. Pierre. Visit Fort de France and Bridgetown. See Brighton and Port of Spain in all its glory...Discover La Guayra way down in Venezuela, play in Curacao, marvel at Panama, buy trinkets in Kingston, gambol in Havana, Paris of the Indies, bid farewell to Nassau for New York.
21-Day Cruises—Jan. 26 and Feb. 16
17-Day Cruises—Mar. 8 and Mar. 25

•

EGYPT—HOLYLAND
LLOYD TRIESTINO weekly service from Europe on the world's fastest motor ship VICTORIA. To Alexandria in 38 hours. De Luxe First Class apartments. Through train connections from Paris and London to Trieste.

For Illustrated Booklets on any of the above cruises see your local tourist agent or

COSULICH LINE
17 BATTERY PLACE - NEW YORK

NEW YEAR'S EVE
PLAYBOY'S
Ninth Annual
FÊTE FUTURISTE
CUBIST
COSTUME
CARNIVAL
in
GREENWICH VILLAGE
Thursday Evening, Dec. 31st
WEBSTER HALL, 119 E. 11th St.
Tickets $2.50 in advance $3.00 at door
Dancing from 10 o'clock till dawn
Costume or Evening Dress Obligatory
Tickets by mail from: PLAYBOY
32 Union Square, Stuyvesant 9-1391

ROLYAT
HOTEL ST. PETERSBURG FLORIDA
A Modern Hotel in a Spanish Castle. Golf—Outdoor Swimming Pool. All the best Florida has to offer in a refined quiet atmosphere. Rates: $9 to $14 a day—American Plan. Booklet. *John F. Hynes, Mgr.*

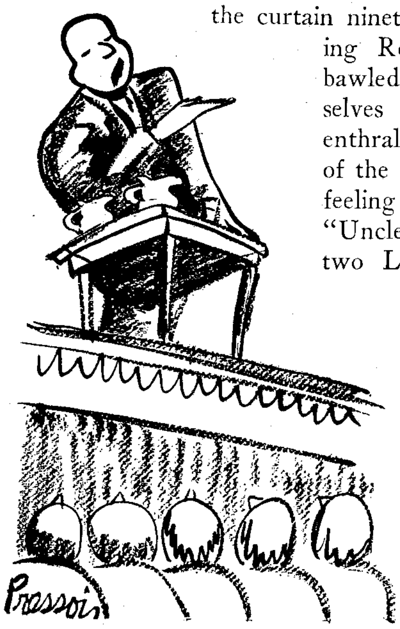
REINHARDT AND REVOLUTION

BERLIN, DEC. 10

PROBABLY no place will ever seem to me quite as glittering and gay as Berlin has been these past few weeks—or as terrible and dangerous. This is the end of something now. Something's going to crack; something's going to explode.

The social surface is as uneasy as the side of a volcano in eruption, what with the mark wavering like an aspen leaf, and *Reichsbanner* and Communist demonstrations in every big hall in all Berlin against the imminent Mr. Hitler and the bloody Boxheimer document.

Against this exciting and menacing undercurrent comes the big sensation of the theatrical year—Max Reinhardt's "Tales of Hoffman" given in the Grosse Schauspielhaus. I write advisedly—it is not Offenbach's "Tales of Hoffman" any more, it is Reinhardt's, just as anything he produces becomes his. As one of Germany's distinguished playwrights says: "I would be honored to be produced by Reinhardt, but I would be lost—lost in the Reinhardt goulash."



My experience with European first nights is that they are seldom a patch on New York for glitter and smartness and shine, beautiful ladies and grand clothes and faultless grooming, and a general sense of heightened life and of occasion. But this first night was as brilliant a spectacle—a large theatre, bigger than anything in the world; it is bigger than the State, bigger than the Hippodrome, big as a stadium. It looks as if it held about ten thousand, which it probably does not. It stretches back, and back, and up, so that if you sit along the sidelines you get audience and stage before you. And the audience—everyone who gathers in artistic or theatrical or social Berlin applauded rapturously their Reinhardt.

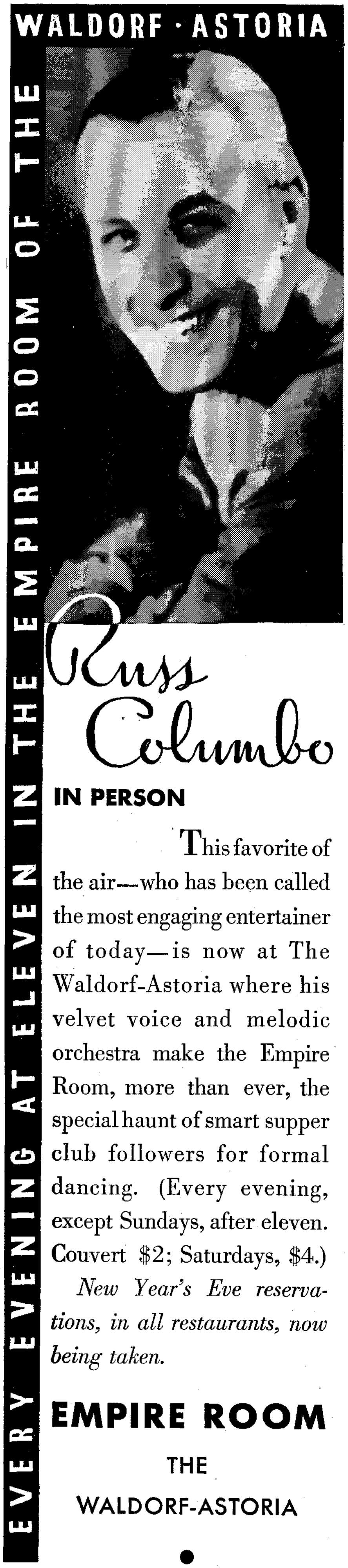
It had been a long time since I had seen the "Tales of Hoffman." I had forgotten that it seemed as full of quotations as the Bible or Shakespeare. And here it was, elaborated and enriched, romantic, absurd, beguiling with all the basket of Mr. Reinhardt's tricks, all Grand Canal and houses moving slowly past a seemingly moving but actually still gondola. And how the audience loved it, and ate it up.

I could see that I was getting old and weary, because the heavy German scenery houses creaking and groaning past the gondola full of voluptuous ladies warbling the famous Barcarolle seemed as artless and naïve as a Christmas tree; and it was a little touching to be so excited about it. The scenery houses went up in the air, and the famous wine cellar went down by elevator; and that too seemed to me to have a touching ingenuousness as one sat and watched the tables of roistering students quietly disappearing on their wide elevator stage. The ballet no doubt was as voluptuous a spectacle of its kind as was ever staged. Quite exciting, with the most beautiful naked girl, whose name I now forget, famous for her long and exquisite legs and perfectly flat stomach, always to be seen any winter in Berlin as Susanna or Helen or something of the kind.

At the end everyone came out before the curtain ninety-eight times, including Reinhardt, and people bawled and shouted themselves hoarse. We were enthralled every moment of the time, and went away feeling as if we had seen "Uncle Tom's Cabin" with two Little Evas, and had eaten a complete *Torte* built like the Taj Mahal and thickly covered with whipped cream.

AFTERWARD we all went to a midnight dinner given in honor of the one who overnight had apparently become the author of the "Tales of Hoffman," at the Adlon; and this for once too was what could be called a brilliant occasion. While we ate, and while the sensuous orchestra played, there was an exhibition of Chanel models—three unbelievable creatures peacocking around, now in silver and now in coral, with long swoopy complicated sleeves and simply suave and complicated dresses, enough to ruin one's sleep for a week with envy.

But I stared most at the table where



WALDORF · ASTORIA

EVERY EVENING AT ELEVEN IN THE EMPIRE ROOM OF THE

Russ Columbo

IN PERSON

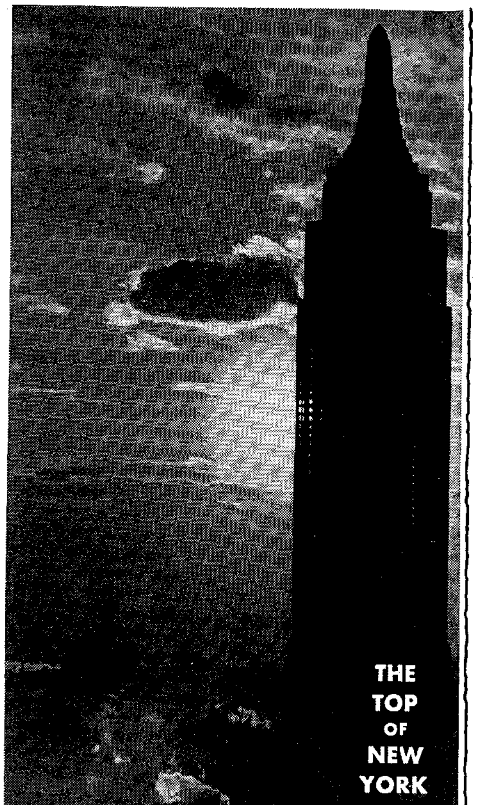
This favorite of the air—who has been called the most engaging entertainer of today—is now at The Waldorf-Astoria where his velvet voice and melodic orchestra make the Empire Room, more than ever, the special haunt of smart supper club followers for formal dancing. (Every evening, except Sundays, after eleven. Couvert $2; Saturdays, $4.)

New Year's Eve reservations, in all restaurants, now being taken.

EMPIRE ROOM

THE

WALDORF-ASTORIA



THE TOP OF NEW YORK

A stage on which the production is never twice the same . . . day or night . . . always a thrill.

Glass Enclosures . . . Open Terrace
Refreshments . . . Open 8 A. M. to 1 A. M.

EMPIRE STATE OBSERVATORIES

NEW
Exclusive Flat Permanent Wave which requires no Finger Waving

has been developed to its ultimate by Kremer. It surpasses all its predecessors in natural finish and lasting beauty. The leader of New York's present-day styles.

Original Transformations and Hair Pieces.

Three complete floors—most sanitary and modern, with special departments, under highly skilled operators, for Finger Waving, Bobbing, Facials, Hair Tinting and Manicuring. Consultation free of charge.

Phones VAnderbilt 3-1365-6-7-8
Write for Booklet A

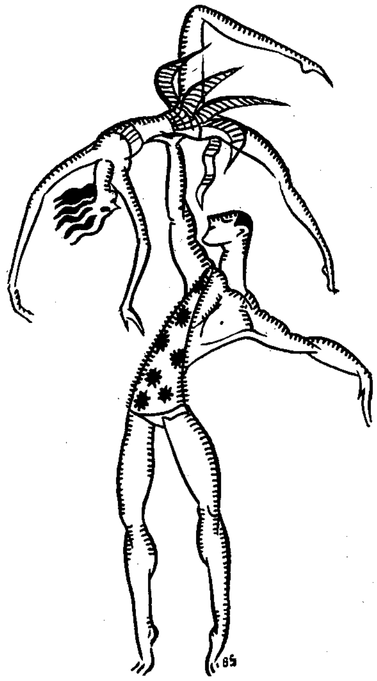
GEORGE KREMER
9 E. 45th St. NEW YORK

Mr. Reinhardt sat and where most of the cast were sitting (which was near me by fortunate chance) and had famous people pointed out to me, most of whom I had never heard of before. And I felt a little like a fly crawling on the outside of a goldfish bowl full of double-tailed birds-of-Paradise of fish, staring at them very hard with my myriad eyes.

After the dinner and after the fashion parade there was a ball. They can keep it up, but I went to bed, being almost dead of a surfeit.

THE next night I went to a Nazi-Communist student debate. We sat at one side and were asked to move. The seats were cleared away and suddenly there stood a company of warriorlike young men who barked: *"Heil! Moskau! Moskau! Moskau!"* It was a battle cry, these being no doubt the Communist troops, the illegal *Rote Front.* We sat in the front row and before me, facing the audience, was a row of as two-fisted lads as ever I saw. The middle of the hall was filled with Nazis, packed close; around the edges stood the Communists. Police were not visible. And I who have seen plenty of crowds on the edge of trouble have never sat through so prickly an evening. These were not young men who might just make a little trouble; these were young warriors of opposing camps ready to exterminate one another, and kept in uneasy leash with difficulty.

They talked for four mortal hours, and all went well till the singing of the "Internationale." The Nazis wouldn't



By Appointment to H. M. King George V
By Appointment to H. R. H. The Prince of Wales

Chesterfield
by WEATHERILL

A PERFECTLY fitting, impeccably tailored coat . . absolutely correct in minutest detail.

Bernard Weatherill INC.
Civil and Sporting Tailors
677 FIFTH AVE. · NEW YORK
Only Branch in U. S. of Bernard Weatherill, Ltd. of London . . . Royal Warrant Holders.

NEW
RENTING DISTRICT
for Refrigeration, Radio and other Wholesale Electrical Merchandise
235 FOURTH AVENUE
S. E. Cor. 19th Street
ENTIRE FLOORS OR SUBDIVISIONS
Unusually Low Rentals
AGENT ON PREMISES

Where the Clientele Is Selected . .
PRINCESS HOTEL BERMUDA
The Largest Hotel in Bermuda!

REBUILT . . Fireproof . . All Modern Sports . . Continued Management of 46 Years Insures Unvaried Exacting Standards of Service and Friendliest Hospitality.

New York Office: Bermuda Hotels Associated, 250 West 57th Street

take their hats off; the Communists pushed their hats off. Then a gentleman in the gallery dropped a chair from two stories up—just quietly dropped it. The police came instantly. And nothing happened. But the four of us who had come to hear a discussion came away sober enough. For what we had looked on was the blank face of civil war.

THERE is no other city that I know of that has such a diversified night life, and as late. It isn't for the foreigner, it is for home consumption. The night clubs, even the cheaper ones, are open till three, and they are packed. Why save money when *no one* knows what's going to happen?

Business friends complain that the offices aren't open in the mornings. There's no work to do, so why get up; why get up when there's no business to be done?

It is a life of young people, of youth. It is breathless. But no one knows what is going to happen. No one knows—but everyone knows that cataclysm is at hand. It seems to me, now the breathless days are behind me, that Max Reinhardt's "sensuous-sumptuous" performance, with its elaborations and its wandering sceneries and its tricks, marks the end of an epoch. The next act will be starker. It will be steel instead of rococo marble.

—MARY HEATON VORSE

●

ON GOING TO POTZL

COMA FOR COLDS

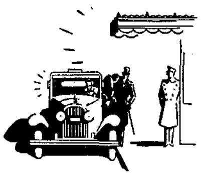
For those who get shivers up their backs when the cold breezes start blowing, the system of Dr. Otto Potzl of the Vienna Psychiatrical Clinic is a blessing. After years of study and research, Dr. Potzl has discovered a means of transporting humans into a comatose state, so that they may curl up and hibernate throughout the winter months without any damage to themselves.—*News syndicate picture caption.*

Those who can go in wintertime
To sunny climes in yachts 'll
Not be impressed by this device
Of Dr. Otto Potzl.

But those who must remain at home
Among inclement breezes
Will like this plan whereby they can
Avoid gooseflesh and sneezes.

And as for me the way I feel
Today—I think his mission
Should be to plot a permanently
Comatose condition.

—SEVIER PAYNE



WHATEVER the occasion White Rock is always a welcome addition. Its sparkle and bubbling vigor make good times a certainty. Guarantee the success of your party with White Rock . . . For ginger ale—you can best please your guests with White Rock Ginger Ale—*the only ginger ale made with White Rock.*

White Rock
White Rock Water
White Rock Mineral Springs Co.
Pale-Dry
White Rock Pale Dry Ginger Ale
White Rock
The Leading Mineral Water

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

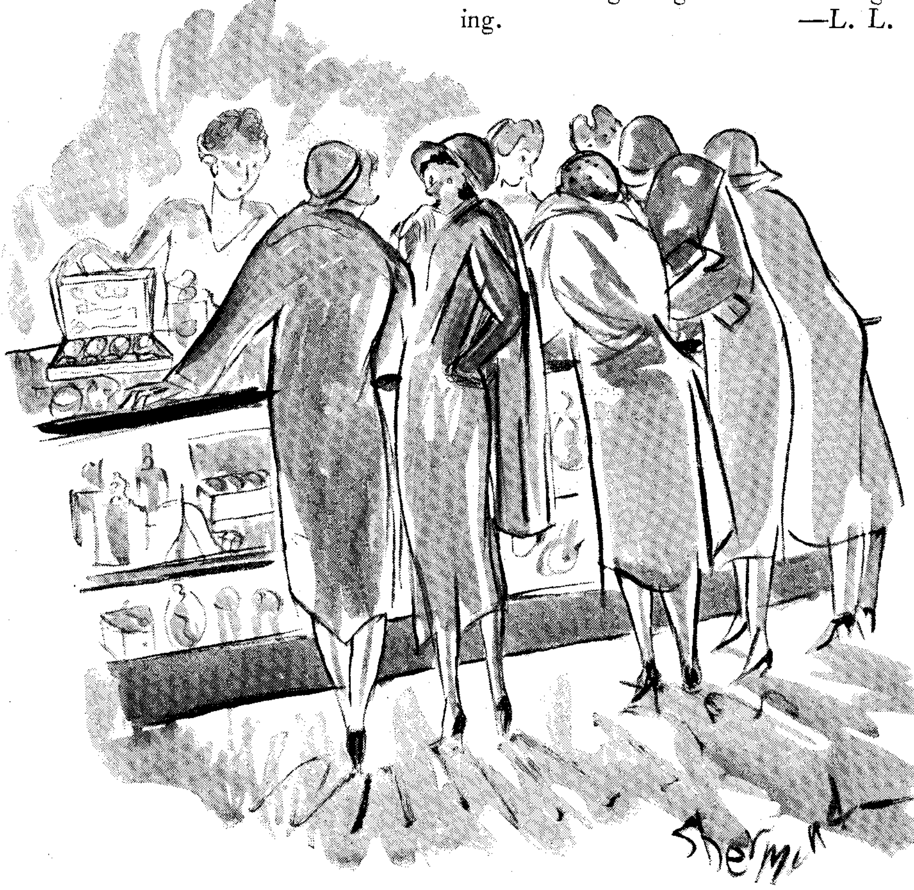
THIS AND THAT

THE New York shops, always hopeful, invariably cherish the fond belief at this time of year that everybody is planning to leave for Palm Beach soon after Christmas, there to remain. They also feel certain that no woman worthy of a charge account ever has a rag to her name left over from the summer before. Right now they are more optimistic than usual, for they feel that quite a lot of people have figured they might just as well loll in a deck chair in the sun as loaf in an office with nothing to do. Therefore, it seems only right and fitting that a slight survey of summer clothes should take place this week and next.

WHEN it comes to crisp, cool, washable, and wearable things for sunny daytimes, Best can always be relied on to dig up gay fabrics and youthful styles. This year, they are making much of that old-time seersucker stuff (a cotton with crinkly stripes that needs no ironing, in case you pretend not to remember) in shirt-and-shorts and blouse-and-skirt knockabout versions. Another fabric—new, not revived this time—is washable silk suede, which looks like fine jersey with a peau-d'ange finish. This also makes sports dresses of the simplest and most workmanlike sort. Linen is used a good deal, too. There are lots of stripes on it—narrow ones, placed far enough apart to avoid that dizzy, run-together look. Some of the dresses are made of imported handwoven linen (nineteen seventy-five); others, less expensive, of the domestic material. Plaid linens, in large patterns and lovely colors, are used both for dresses and for pajamas, the latter with flaring pants and round-necked jumper tops. And speaking of pajamas, Best is concerned primarily with flannel slacks, tailored like a man's, and with those dashing, rust-colored pants of sailcloth that a few adventurous men brought back from St.-Tropez. With these you wear long knitted shirts or, gayer than that, shirts of plaid gingham, which is now appearing on the beach as well as on the dude ranch.

Another stunt, which is being tried out for very informal dining, is ankle-length dresses of white piqué, cut very low in the back. I am a bit dubious about these for any except the very young, but Best's faith in them is enormous.

HERE AND THERE ABOUT TOWN: Collectors of "little addresses" for custom stuff should add to their lists the name of Mme. Del Valle, Bogardus 4-0590. She comes around to your house with samples and then, to your explicit measurements, will order one of those classic three-piece knit suits for you: belted jumper, skirt, and underblouse. In two weeks you get your suit from the manufacturer, at a cost of $15 to $25. They say even hefty women look slick in them. . . . More in the couturier vein is Mijan, 15 East Fifty-third Street, about whom a discriminating customer, who is used to the best in all countries, writes: "Head and shoulders above them all, regardless of label, price, or anything." Just the *robes, tailleurs,* and *manteaux* king, with a superb stock of materials from which to choose. . . . Jay-Thorpe now have a theatrical department, for the costuming of modern plays and moving pictures, under the guidance of Bianca Stroock. Pre-views of new fashions—so that the stage may, as usual, Lead the Way—will also be available to customers. . . . Prince Matchabelli has just produced a bath essence, called Abano, which smells voluptuous. Also, he has some new sachets to make your lingerie alluring when it comes out of the bureau drawer. At Saks, Bergdorf Goodman, Lord & Taylor, and others. . . . People who can't keep their locks in place without bobbie pins should look at a new type called Suzuran. Tiny little bits of things, in different finishes, and about as invisible as they can be made. At Altman, Lord & Taylor, Bloomingdale, Arnold Constable, etc. . . . Pierre's beauty kit will give an all-around good facial with that velvety feeling. The vanishing cream is particularly satisfactory, in that it disappears neatly, so that you get a smooth effect without any clogging. For six dollars around town. . . . The new face powder by Primrose House is indeed a delight—gossamer but clinging. —L. L.



"I don't know about soap. Gertrude's so sensitive."

Prize Capturing LUNCHEONS aboard the RELIANCE

★

★ captivate all WEST INDIES voyagers

★ *One of our Six Pirate Luncheons capturing "FIRST" at the National Hotel Exposition's "Salon of Culinary Art."* Hamburg-American chefs have a habit of making off with all sorts of culinary prizes in their thoroughly piratical way.

Food is just one reason the Reliance is *the* ideal cruise ship. If they gave prizes for spacious public rooms and cabins, wide decks, big-tiled pools, and a merry round of shipboard diversions, the Reliance would win them too.

SAILING JAN. 9

from West 46th St. Pier, The RELIANCE raids the West Indies, South and Central America—a Pleasure Pirate route of 5,274 miles, during 18 days, with 719 romantic thrills, 363 gastronomical delights, 137 points of historical interest and unnumbered miscellaneous diversions both aboard the "Ideal Cruising Steamship" and in San Juan, La Guayra, Curacao, Colon, Kingston, Havana—for rates of only $185 up . . . a tremendous bargain!

If you don't go on Jan. 9, you will on either Jan. 30 or Feb. 20 or, at least, on March 12—So why procrastinate? Do it Jan. 9 and get in an extra Easter Cruise of 15 days on April 2nd. This 1932 is a Two-Cruise Year.

Consult Local Agent or . . . . . .

HAMBURG-AMERICAN LINE

39 BROADWAY · NEW YORK

★ PIRATE DEN SPECIAL

JOHN TEACH'S own Recipe got many a Denizen of the Deep into this Glorious Pickle

Pickled Salmon
Sliced Cucumber
French Bread
Grapefruit Salad

CAPTAIN KIDD'S FAVORITE SNACK

A culinary Intermezzo between Scuttling Ships

Cold Sirloin Steak
Mixed Salad
Vienna Rolls
Roquefort and Table Celery

ANNE BONNY'S LURE

The enticing accomplishment of the Siren of the Spanish Main

Stuffed Tomatoes with Shrimps
Rolls
Strawberry and Vanilla Ice

Appropriate Beverages served with every luncheon.

Emily SHOPS INC.
FAMOUS FOR SPORTSWEAR

The young modern, home from school, the smart girl about town, and the lucky lady about to travel . . . all will recognize in this 3 Piece *Velouté* Knit Suit (adapted from *Phillipe et Gaston*) the peak of swank and practicability. Note the tricky Ascot tie and yoke formed from the back of the jacket which is the new hip length with seven-eighth sleeves

$16.75

COLORS: . . . NASSAU BLUE . . . OLIVE GREEN . . . ARABY BROWN . . . INCA TILE . . . SIZES 12 to 20

To order by mail, address EMILY SHOPS, Fifth Avenue
By telephone WIsconsin 7-1884

There's an Emily Shop in every Shopping District

CLUB CAR

It was not an extra-fare train. It was not even one of those quiet, self-respecting trains that make their New York-to-Boston trip in a consistent five-and-a-half hours. It was just an unassuming old train that didn't pretend to take less than six hours, and really took seven; but it was the only one I could get a seat on, the day before Christmas, it never having occurred to me that anyone but myself would want to go to Boston on that day.

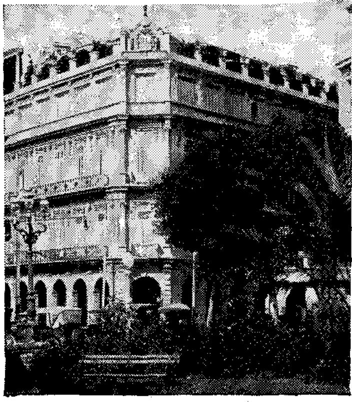
It wasn't a train to be proud of travelling on; it was even a little *déclassé*, with its stained-glass over-windows and varnished mahogany trims to the green plush chairs. Just a sound family train, full of middle-aged matrons, wearing toques made of artificial violets, and children going down the aisle to the water-cooler. Apparently I was the only woman on it under forty. It racketted along, stopping at the most improbable stations, like Bridgeport and South Norwalk. This slovenly dallying awakened almost an affection in me; it reminded me so of walks along Park Avenue with my fox terrier.

But on the whole it was pretty dreadful. The poor old thing lurched so, and the lights flickered and the dining car wasn't opened until New London and everyone rushed for it at once, putting my mild thoughts of tea out of the running.

The Pullman was exceedingly cold. It had been exceedingly hot, but now they had decided that it was to be exceedingly cold, and I had to sit in the rear corner, where great gusts of nice fresh New England air assailed me at each of the train's so-sociable stops. I thought I might be able to get my mind off that by writing some letters, but when I asked the porter for a table he brought me a time-table. That sort of discouraged me, and I decided to make for the club car and befuddle my petulance with a cigarette. It seemed a long way off, there were a lot of cars named Myrtle and Hopedale, and I had to struggle through the crowded corridors, jammed with drummers who had witty remarks at their tongue's ends.

It seemed very nice in the club car. There was an absence of green plush and thirsty children. Through proximity I began to feel quite friendly toward the laboring old engine, plugging along through the dark, doing its best. It was good to have a drag off a Chesterfield.

HOTEL PLAZA



Central Park
HAVANA

In the Center of Things you'll want to do.

Typically Cuban in atmosphere, European in its service, American in its ability to make Americans feel at home, The Plaza is the favorite "home in Cuba" of travelers from the United States. The Plaza Roof is Havana's gayest, smartest supper club. Costs, by the way, are reasonable.

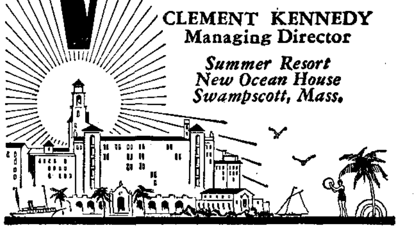
RENE BOLIVAR
Managing Director
For reservations
Cable "Plaza" Havana

"A PLACE IN THE SUN"
VINOY PARK HOTEL
ST. PETERSBURG..FLORIDA

On glorious Tampa Bay . . . *The* Vinoy Park . . . complete in every particular. Best clientele. Rates considerate . . . Booklet.

CLEMENT KENNEDY
Managing Director

Summer Resort
New Ocean House
Swampscott, Mass.



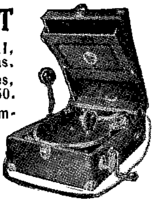
OPEN EVENINGS
TEL. VOL. 5-4026
MARCONI BROS. Inc.
114 E. 59 St.
Cor. PARK AVE. N.Y. City

MUSIC The Everlasting GIFT

RECORDS—Popular, Classical, Imported, Blues. Gift Albums.
PHONOGRAPHS — Portables, Electric, Hand Wound. $8.95 to $50.
RADIOS—Midgets $25 up. Combination Radio-Phonographs.

NOEL COWARD
With Mayfair Orchestra
"Cavalcade" -- 12" Record
MILLS BROTHERS
sing "You Rascal You"

Records Mailed Safely Anywhere



Special Imported Portable. Electric and Hand Wound. Distinctive Gift $50

But soon I became aware of suspicious eyes peering at me through the smoky murk. Elderly bank clerks, haberdashery salesmen, and students at Rutgers were eyeing me with distaste and antagonism. I became aware that I was not wanted. I became aware that I was doing something that wasn't done. I became aware that, thoroughly depraved through contact with dissolute extra-fare trains, I had violated a sanctuary. I had come into the club car, and I was a woman.

And they thought, beyond question of a doubt, that I was bent on seduction. The men nearest me carefully turned their backs on this creature of so light virtue and sedulously perused their newspapers. Those timidly curious creatures who caught my scheming eye blushed and stared fixedly out into a night they could not see through the thickly fogged windows. I felt desperately sinister without wanting to at all, an adventuress in spite of myself.

FAR be it from me to destroy the decency of a man's refuge. There were two sections at the end of the car, facing seats that had a comparative privacy. I went and sat in one of these. I had *no* wish to bring sex into these men's sheltered lives, but on the other hand I was damned if I wouldn't smoke the cigarette I had struggled all this way for.

There was a man in the section opposite mine, an elderly man, with a yellowed mustache, smoking a corncob pipe in good, solitary, masculine gloom. I watched him. He ignored me and drew long draughts on his pleasant pipe, his eyes exploring the future, or, perhaps, the past. He seemed a nice, dreamy old man, a fit companion for my solitary smoke, one who had grown beyond vain thoughts of predatory women. Live and let live. He could smoke his pipe, I my cigarette. We smoked in silence.

His fading eyes now stared unseeing out into the night through the veil of foggy window. His gnarled old finger wrote words, idly, on the steamy glass. What would a worn oldster like this have to put down, fleeting thoughts on a slate that the warmth of the next station would erase? Footsteps, thought I, sentimentally, on the soon-to-be-washed sands of time. I looked. He had written, shakily, "I am married."

Poor old thing. Posting his only defence against a bold adventuress. I went back to my wind-swept seat in my cold car.
—NANCY HALE

-and as the New Year's Party ends—

Comes The First Breakfast of 1932- with

JONES DAIRY FARM SAUSAGE

In the now historic Jones Farm House "Aunt Sally" Jones prepared the First New Year's Breakfast of Jones Dairy Farm Sausage in 1835. Today, the sausage made from the old Vermont recipe of her girlhood days has become a *Nation's Breakfast, Luncheon and Supper Delicacy.* Sold by Jones Dealers from coast to coast.

JONES BACON and HAMS, smoked over hickory logs in the old smokehouse are available in quantities determined by the number of the young hogs selected for Jones Sausage.

JONES DAIRY FARM .. Fort Atkinson, Wisconsin

In Wisconsin's great dairy center — owned and operated by the Jones Family since 1834

FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE

THE NEW YORKER,
25 West 45th Street, New York.

Please enter my subscription for THE NEW YORKER—

☐ 1 Year—$5.00 ☐ 2 Years—$8.00

(POSTAGE: Canada, 50c; Foreign, $1.00 additional per year)

(Tariff: Canada, $2.60 additional per year)

Name..

Address..

Subscribers ordering a change of address are requested to notify us at least three weeks prior to the date of the issue with which it is to take effect

Our Fifth Avenue Office—at 44th St.

For Your Convenience

Complete trust service at our Mid-Town Offices

THE full benefit of this Company's complete facilities in all personal trust services are available at our Fifth Avenue Office and Madison Avenue Office. These services include:

Executor and Trustee under Wills;
Trustee under Voluntary Trusts;
Trustee under Life Insurance Trusts;
Custodian of Securities.

Experienced trust officers at either of our Mid-Town Offices would be pleased to discuss with you any phase of our service.

MID-TOWN OFFICES

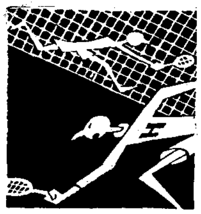
GUARANTY TRUST COMPANY OF NEW YORK

Fifth Avenue at 44th Street
Madison Avenue at 60th Street

Complete Safe Deposit and Silver Storage Facilities Available

COURT GAMES

Tri-City—Coyle for New York—Doubles on the Heights



FOR several reasons the University Club was an appropriate place to begin the tri-city competition for the new Lockett Trophy, which replaces the one New York won permanently last year. The University Club, with its beautifully appointed dressing-lounge, offers one of the most attractive settings for a tournament in this country; and Mr. Arthur Lockett is himself a member.

THE most interesting matches in this year's competition weren't the ones at the head of the list. As everyone had expected, Larry Pool, at No. 1 for New York, proved that he could keep on hitting drives too long and too hard for any player Boston or Philadelphia put on the courts. The games worth seeing were farther down in the lineup. Probably the most important player to watch was the Montclair A.C.'s young Bill Coyle. He has an amazingly flexible wrist, always under perfect control, and he combines a brilliant game with an original temperament. Against C. D. G. Breckinridge, captain of last year's Harvard team, Coyle purposely kept the ball in play a great deal longer than he needed to, feeling, reasonably enough, that the longer he played against good opposition the more good it would do his game. The immediate result of this was that he almost wore Breckinridge out by running him around, and Breckinridge is by no means an easy man to tire.

After the match, Coyle was reproved by George Cummings, the University Club's professional, for failing to make kills when he might have made them; so in the afternoon he went after J. de V. Keefe, of Philadelphia, with everything he had. Everything he had was more than enough to win the first leg of the new Trophy for New York.

AS for the other matches, the one between Buddy Walsh, of the Philadelphia Racquet Club, and Perry Pease, of New York, was the most exciting. The gallery, which had watched Larry Pool drive often

A Leap Year Dead Ahead, Sir!

Even calendars need reconditioning about every four years! Just let the 365-day years slip by unmolested for a while and first thing you'd know, Christmas would be coming about Easter time and schools would be opening around a chilly autumn Fourth of July!

Well, Tebo lets the other fellow play with the old astronomics and concentrates entirely on building, fitting-out, reconditioning and repair of fine yachts for the forthcoming spring and summer. Tebo has 31 years all nicely reconditioned and packed away in its sea chest of experience.

Ample storage (wet or dry) for all sizes of yachts and fittings.

TEBO YACHT BASIN TODD

TODD DRY DOCK ENGINEERING AND REPAIR CORPORATION
Foot of 23rd Street, Brooklyn, New York

THE Surrey HOTEL
20 EAST 76TH STREET

The Surrey offers the comfort of spacious rooms and quiet location, the luxury of perfect appointments and service. Yet Surrey rentals are gratifyingly moderate. Suites available.

OWNERSHIP MANAGEMENT

SOUTHGATE
MISS SCURRY'S
RESTAURANT
400 EAST 52ND. STREET
LUNCHEON · TEA · DINNER
OPEN SUNDAYS FROM 5 TO 8
Tel. VOlunteer 5-4144

enough, thought it was accustomed to speed; but Walsh hit the ball approximately twice as hard as Pool does. Anybody but a fighter like Pease would have got in a corner and let the storm blow itself out; as it was, he seemed considerably at a loss. When one of the spectators wondered why Pease was keeping the ball on Walsh's forehand, Lathrop Haskins suggested that he was probably too bewildered to realize what he was doing.

By plugging hard and keeping at it, Pease at last managed to orient himself in the midst of the whirlwind. Then he went methodically to work on Walsh's backhand, where the Philadelphian turned out to be a great deal less deadly, and won the match.

THE opening of the new doubles court at the Heights Casino was a pleasant event, particularly for the club's president, Edwin H. Bigelow, who, as secretary of the Metropolitan Association, has done almost as much as Ernest Humpstone to bring New York to the fore in squash racquets.

The exhibition doubles match, however, raised some questions. Apparently something should be done about the doubles ball; either its weight or its speed should be changed, or both. Far too many of the shots were lobs. There were none of the low, hard drives you get in a singles game. Except for some of the corner shots, just above the telltale, there was nothing to correspond to any of the singles shots. The entire game seemed less expert, somehow; though perhaps we were annoyed overmuch by Roy Coffin's lawn-tennis forehand stroke. Although they lost, Debevoise and Rawlins, of the Racquet Club, played sounder-looking squash.

—TELLTALE

•

FUNNY COINCIDENCE DEPARTMENT

Offhand we can think of two possible names—two, you might say, almost inevitable names for a sister ship of the Manhattan. They are Martini and Old-Fashioned.—*The New Yorker, Oct. 31.*

Nevertheless, I hope that neither respect for the first meeting place of Henry Hudson and the Indians, nor yet a too prudent regard for the Volstead Act, will prevent the directors of the United States Lines from giving the appropriate nomenclature to the Manhattan's sister ship. There is only one name for such a ship. And that is Martini.—*The Londoner's Diary, Evening Standard, Nov. 14.*

Crush the
Haunting Fear
that spoils your dinner

"YOU'LL TOSS ALL NIGHT"
"YOU WON'T SLEEP A WINK"

IN ALL the world there is no drink that brings so much cheer and contentment at entertainments as a steaming cup of coffee. Yet many times your guests must deny themselves this enjoyment because they fear it will keep them awake or make them nervous. They refuse because they are afraid to drink coffee at night.

Do away with this fear! All your guests can enjoy coffee at night—all of them will welcome it—if they know that it won't bring regrets. That is why modern hostesses are serving a modern coffee for their evening entertainments—KELLOGG'S *Kaffee Hag* COFFEE—the coffee that lets you sleep.

With all the wonderful flavor of the finest coffees grown, with all the cheer and fragrance you expect, this is the drink that brings you all of coffee's joys with none of the harm. 97% of the drug caffeine and the indigestible wax are expertly removed.

KELLOGG'S *Kaffee Hag* COFFEE has been wonderfully improved. And the price has again been reduced. Now it costs practically the same as any other fine coffee, and think of the extra value you get!

Try a pound of this coffee that lets you sleep. If you aren't entirely satisfied, return the empty can to us and we will refund your money. Roasted by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

★ ★ ★

You'll enjoy Kellogg's Slumber Music, over stations of the N. B. C. every Sunday evening at 9.45 E. S. T.

Kellogg's
KAFFEE HAG
COFFEE

A blend of the world's choicest coffees

"REAL COFFEE THAT LETS YOU SLEEP"

The Chef
GETS
TEMPERAMENT

OUT of the cacophony of pots and pans in the kitchen came this Wail and Lament from Childs Chef:

Why, he asked, is not the noblest of all Arts, the Culinary, accorded its full measure of acclaim?

Creators of sonnets, symphonies, epic essays and artistic masterpieces often achieve deathless fame. But is not the Chef a creator of Sonnets in Salads, Symphonies in Soups, Essays in Entrees? Does he not bring into being thrilling Masterpieces in Meals!

Our Chef felt quite badly until we reminded him of the Famous Fifty Million Meals we serve each year. Then he began to smile, for truly that is acclaim and recognition with a vengeance.

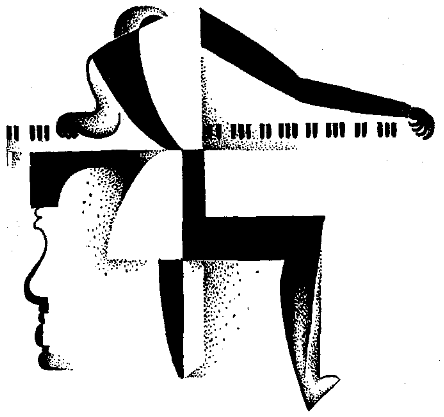
Now his soup-ladle seems to him a brush, his pot a palette, and across the background of ovens and dishes he cooks the masterpieces of the ages!

Childs
THE NATION'S HOST
FROM COAST TO COAST

MUSICAL EVENTS

"The Blonde Donna," A Blonde Opera—Home Boys and Girls Make Good—Two Choruses for One Admission

HAVING revived "The Poacher" as far as possible, the New York Opéra Comique turned to its new policy of presenting at least one homegrown work every season, and offered to its followers "The Blonde Donna," by Ernest Carter, an energetic if not ubiquitous New Jersey musician. This world première was not one of the ponderous events of the year. "The Blonde Donna" intersperses recitative and many set numbers with stretches of dialogue, and there is little in the score to puzzle anyone. The music is that of a facile, workmanlike operator in tones, and it is neither unduly reminiscent nor memorable. It taxes neither the singers nor the listeners, and a Heckscher Theatre assemblage applauded genteelly. Mr. Carter received, as one of his rewards, a wreath, in keeping with the noble custom of bestowing such tributes on the first nights of restaurants and operas.



LIKE Wagner, Mr. Carter is his own librettist, and for his musical purposes he fashioned a fable set in the year 1824, when the Mission Indians, somewhat peeved by the Padres, planned a massive massacre. Thanks to the intervention of an errant novice, the projected scalping was frustrated. There also was a love story involving the novice and the heroine, who, it seems, was less of a sister to him than some of the guileless attendants might have suspected. I was a trifle disappointed when the character named Piastro did not draw forth a fiddle and reveal himself as the concertmaster of the Philharmonic-Symphony, but perhaps that was asking too much of an opera in which people concoct bloodthirsty schemes in thundering asides.

Whether this production did much for American opera is a problem which I must leave to more experienced authorities, but the Opéra Comique treated "The Blonde Donna" to good-looking settings by Anthoni Panenko, a reasonably competent selection of singers, as much stage direction as the diffuse libretto permitted, and an improved orchestra directed by one of its new maestri, Rudolf Thomas. Oddly enough, I have no suggestion to make to the Opéra Comique about its next American opera; and just as oddly, it probably wouldn't do much good.

IN case you believe that the Philharmonic-Symphony and the Manhattan are the only orchestras in town, may I recommend to you the National Orchestral Association, of which Leon Barzin is conductor? The National is a training ensemble for young instrumentalists, many of whom, in previous years, have been graduated to more famous bands. The training obviously is first-rate, because the orchestra plays with unanimity and confidence.

Mr. Barzin, once principal viola of the Philharmonic, is the most animated leader of them all. In his case, multiplicity of gestures for once is not a device calculated to impress the people in back of him but to assist his players. Many of the young men and women of the National are just learning their business, and they require every indication which the conductor has time and energy to bestow on them. There is more to Mr. Barzin, however, than an astonishing dexterity with his baton, his free hand, his head, and his knees. He is an able musicmaker, who combines restraint with pace, and I shall be surprised if some older orchestra does not kidnap him.

In addition to its valuable service as a training ground, the National is hospitable to young soloists, and at its recent Carnegie Hall concert it presented Charles Naegele and Lillian Rehberg. Mr. Naegele, who has become one of our finest native pianists, performed the second Rachmaninoff concerto beautifully. It is a pleasure to hear such a sure-handed, reposeful young artist after a succession of callow woodchoppers. It is, in fact, a pleasure to hear Mr. Naegele even without reference to the contemporary background of wonder boys. Miss Rehberg, whose recital earlier in the year proved that not all prizewinners are necessarily dopes, managed the not-too-grateful d'Albert 'cello concerto with skill.

There is no public sale of tickets for the National Orchestral Association concerts, but you may obtain details from the Association at its offices in Steinway Hall.

IN the absence of Miss Margarete Dessoff, her two choirs—the Adesdi Chorus of women's voices and the A Capella Singers, a mixed group—performed in the Town Hall under the guidance of Randall Thompson. Mr. Thompson, familiar chiefly as a composer, is a practical director who extracts precise euphony from his ensembles. He also has discovered that a quiet approach covers vocal shortcomings.

The program ranged from Johann Michael Bach, one of the earlier members of a family which seems to have had musical talents, to Mr. Thompson's own "Rosemary," originally performed here by the Women's University Glee Club, and, except for a sameness of mood, it was a pleasant evening. I'd have preferred a little excitement to the beatific suavity which prevailed, but perhaps excitement isn't good for a relatively young chorus. —R. A. S.

•

DIRIGIBLE

December night, wind-driven,
Where late the airs were soft;
And the Akron, gray on a gray heaven,
A long bulk cruising aloft;

Blending into the gloom,
Save for one row of gleams
Studded forward. Her pilot-room?
Or the grinning teeth of dreams?

Hung on the night—and gone:
That instant she seemed to me
Through deep enormous ocean
drawn—
Our city under the sea;

For thus from bone-white caves
The small crabs scuttle and spy
When a shadow falls through glassy
waves
And the looming shark goes by.
—WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

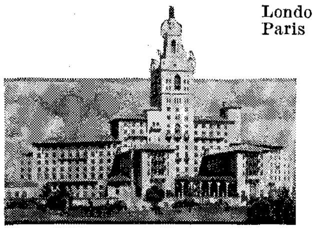
MIAMI BILTMORE hotel
CORAL GABLES
MIAMI FLORIDA

RONEY PLAZA hotel
MIAMI BEACH
FLORIDA

N. B. T. Roney
PRESIDENT

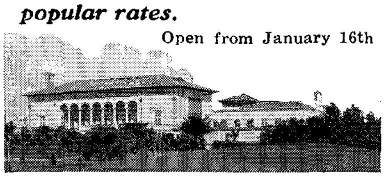
Marcel A. Gotschi, Managing Director
Wm. G. McMeekin, Managing Director

London Office: Savoy Hotel
Paris Office: 3 Rue Auber

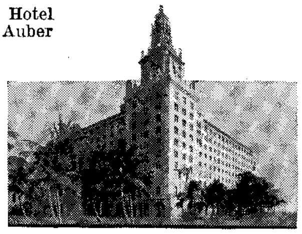


Under new ownership and new policies . . . with its many improvements . . . its special arrangements through new affiliations for guests' golfing, fishing, tennis, bathing, and other sports, the Biltmore will be a colorful center of the southern resort season. Although the Biltmore is the world's most elaborate resort hotel, built without regard for cost during the "peak" season of all Florida's history, its accommodations are now available at *popular rates.*

Open from January 16th



Miami Biltmore Country Club adjoining the Hotel



Innovations this year include reductions in room rates and a la carte dining service . . . club breakfasts at sixty cents to a dollar and the Cabaña Club Luncheon at a dollar fifty, without sacrificing in the least the traditional European service and niceties of America's finest ocean-front hotel. Pool and surf bathing, without extra charge, and all the pleasures of the Roney Plaza's palm gardens, promenades and beach are privileges of every guest.

Open from Thanksgiving Day

Roney Plaza Cabaña Sun Club and Palm Gardens

RESTAURANTS
Longchamps
LUNCHEON-SPECIALS

Fresh Tomato Juice Cocktail	.35
Consomme, Brunoise	.25

◆◆◆

Omelette with Apricot Jam Glace	.65
Turkey Cutlet, Creamed Fresh Spinach and Fresh Mushroom Sauce	.70
Fresh Calf's Tongue, Piquant Sauce with New String Beans, Mashed Potatoes	.75
Chopped Sirloin Steak, Fresh Broccoli, Hollandaise, Longchamps Potatoes, Chasseur	.85
Broiled King Mackerel, Anchovy Butter, Baked Fresh Tomato, Parisienne Potatoes	.85
Smoked Pork Tenderloin, Creamed Fresh Spinach, Madeira Sauce, Rissolee Potatoes	.90

◆◆◆

Assorted French Pastry	.20
Boston Cream Pie	.30
Coffee Parfait	.35
Cup Coffee with Heavy Cream	.15

There is no compromise with quality at Longchamps

Always Excellent

Longchamps patrons expect to be served the freshest fruits, the choicest vegetables, the widest selection of delicious dishes—and they are never disappointed. And now, Longchamps special "Plats du Jour" Menus—changed twice daily—make selecting your favorite dishes, simplicity itself.

RESTAURANTS
Longchamps
NEW YORK CITY

28 WEST 58th ST.
1015 MADISON AVE.
40 EAST 49th ST.
19 WEST 57th ST.
423 MADISON AVE.
55 FIFTH AVENUE

© L. Inc., N.Y. 1931

Many of the actresses in the "talkies" use Vapex

COLD DISTRESS VANISHES

You will be honestly surprised how quickly and pleasantly Vapex relieves a cold.

Just a few deep breaths and your head clears, your nose stops running—you would almost believe you never had a cold. Yet it is as simple to use as perfume and as delightful.

Vapex is useful for all minor nasal ills. It was discovered in England in 1915 during a war-time epidemic of influenza, and is now known all over the world as the modern way to relieve a cold.

Keep a bottle handy on your dressing-table and use it at the first sneeze or sniffle. 100 applications in the $1 bottle—an average of 1c each. Always ask for V-A-P-E-X. E. FOUGERA & Co., Inc., New York. *Distributors of Medicinal Products Since 1849.*

A few drops on your handkerchief

VAPEX

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Breathe your cold away

Don't count sheep. Just use Vapex on your pillow at night

Tested and Approved 4283 Bureau of Foods, Sanitation and Health Good Housekeeping Magazine

THE ART GALLERIES

A Master from Mexico—The Pioneers—Mythology and Freud

THE Diego Rivera exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art is an event of historical importance, for it means that our country has finally discovered that a great artist dwells on the same continent. With the caution Americans always show in cultural affairs, the élite have accepted Rivera, and now he is to be passed on to the citizens of the town. A good deal of sand will be thrown in the eyes of the laymen by the social aspect of some of his subject matter, so we wish to point out that the subject matter is less than secondary in the conceptions of a prophet who paints because he is an artist.

WITH a great deal of research and care, the Downtown Gallery has assembled twenty pictures by obscure or unknown American painters, selected from over four hundred canvases that were dragged out of obscure barn lofts and ancient homes. The exhibit contains what the Gallery considers to be the most representative of that small group which struggled to give America an art between the years 1790 and 1890. We do not know that we can recommend the show to the casual or supercilious; it is primarily for artists or students, and should be approached with reverence. The layman, we imagine, will think he ought to look at the pictures with a feeling of shame.

These painters were the feeble chroniclers of a country intent upon more stirring affairs. It takes a whole history of art to explain the causes for this; in this brief space we can only say that a people which felt no need of an art produced none. Here and there a coach-painter, or a sign-painter, struggling beyond the limitations of portrait painting, tried his hand at narration. Without art schools, practically without any tradition, or any examples to work from, the scattered painters had to depend upon themselves. The surprising thing to us in shows of this nature is the expertness of some of the canvases. In a way the "Baby in Red High Chair" ranks relatively with the Flemish Primitives. "The Peaceable Kingdom" is no mean accomplishment for any period.

The Downtown Gallery is proud of Raphaelle Peale's "After the Bath—New England," one of the earliest of our Academic studies, but it seems out of key with the sincerity of the others. The Gallery also notes that the best of the Early American work was found in the country of the Pennsylvania Dutch, who had a more mellow attitude toward art than their Puritan neighbors to the north.

THE Balzac Galleries continue to show an interest in Americans. Last week's exhibition placed its emphasis on Philip Evergood, a young man who has been painting in these parts for many years. He has a great deal of talent and some training. What he lacks is discipline and a certain focusing of his conceptions. There seems to be a great deal of undigested mythology, mixed with a little Freud, in his mind. Now and then his canvases are poetry, but always poetry with a slight sneer of disbelief. We imagine that with maturity Evergood may become a fine painter.

We were also interested in the work of César Giris (a fine old American who was born in Rome and tutored in Italy and France) and of Martha Simpson. She has something worth while in her studies, and fortunately has forsaken the assininities that seem to fascinate most women painters.

THE Museum of Irish Art is holding a show of Royal Hibernian Academicians at the Hotel Barbizon. At the new and handsome Julien Levy Gallery, there is an exhibition of photographs by Nadar and Atget.

—MURDOCK PEMBERTON

•

Dear Sir: Some day you are going to have an old man on your hands. That old man will be YOU.—*From a letter from a life-insurance company.*

And our hands will be HIS, too.

THE CURRENT CINEMA

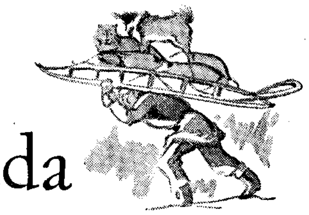
Surprise! Surprise!

FLOHERTY JR

YOU could have knocked me over with a feather when "Private Lives," with Norma Shearer and Robert Montgomery, turned out to be amusing. Somehow I had expected this picture to be one of those loads of bricks dropped on the heads of unwary moviegoers. I had imagined that Noel Coward dialogue altered into the bulky periods of talkie writers. I had anticipated that the comedy would be imbued with the ghoulish sentiments of an Advice to Housewives column. It wouldn't have surprised me to discover that in the movie Amanda and Elyot were not divorced at all—certainly not remarried to other people—but were just a nice young couple who had had a misunderstanding and who were reunited at last by a little one. Perhaps I am not fair to the movie people. Certainly my apprehensions were unfounded in this case. They have reproduced the play with practically all its own dialogue, with the Coward liveliness, with only an oath or two eliminated, and with a thoroughly unscrupulous pleasure in all the Coward audacity. I might add also that Miss Shearer and Mr. Montgomery give well the facile capriciousness of the sprightly people they are representing.

I can recall but one sure Hollywood touch, one contribution by the movie people. That contribution is a snore. They have managed to work in one of their comic snores. In the midst of the banter and the badinage that snore is unwelcome. However, one can hardly cavil at just one snore. Nor do I cavil—this being my day not to cavil—at the changes made in the setting of the dialogue, transferring it from the Paris flat of the play to a châlet and a peak or two in the Alps. As the talk remains the same, I don't care where it takes place.

I HAVE all the respect of the sedentary for explorers, for those men who think in meridians where we think in cross-streets. I know that our little settled lives must seem limited and pitiful to them and that our minds which will accept such restricted spheres are



Down from Canada came tales of a marvelous mouth wash

By dog-sledge, by portage, by pony express, rushed the news of an amazing discovery! "A mouth-wash you can make yourself! Wonderful!" people breathed, wide-eyed, when they heard it. The news shook New York to its foundations. Wall Street runners slapped the backs of junior partners, staid bank presidents tossed their hats in the air, there was dancing in the streets. . . .

Thus the story of Red Lion Flavors, a Romance of Modern Business. In fact, it is so romantic we wouldn't believe it ourselves if orders weren't rushing in faster than the News from Ghent to Aix. We think there are four reasons for this success: First,

Saves Money

These are the days when the cost of hospitality is greatly lowered if you putter about the kitchen doing your own mixing—and more people are realizing it. Second, Red Lion Flavors give better than average results (and others besides ourselves think so). Third, the price is lower than most—a 50c bottle flavors a gallon *and* the bottle is graduated for convenience in measuring.

In short, if your grocer or druggist hasn't Red Lion Flavors, it would pay you to kick and scream until he orders them. Or write to us.

W. A. TAYLOR & CO., Inc.
12 Vestry Street New York City

RED LION
BRAND
GIN
W. A. TAYLOR & CO.
NEW YORK

The bottle is so handsome you would be proud to be seen carrying it on the street.

RED LION

IMITATION

Gin, Rye, Scotch, etc.
Cooking *Flavors*

Praise from the New Yorker Is Praise Indeed!

"In 'Arrowsmith' as successful an adaptation of a novel of consequence has been made as I can recall! Ronald Colman in the most substantial role of his career. Richard Bennett excellent."
J. C. M.—New Yorker

Samuel Goldwyn presents
RONALD COLMAN
in
"Arrowsmith"
with HELEN HAYES and
Richard Bennett A. E. Anson
Twice Daily 2:45—8:45
GAIETY THEATRE
B'way at 46th

TWO SMASH HITS by ELMER RICE

COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW
with Paul Muni
PLYMOUTH Theatre, W. 45th St. Eves. at 8:20
Matinees Thursday & Saturday 2:20

THE LEFT BANK
"First American play of the season of any sound quality; a play real in its character, real in its dialogue, and consistently intelligent in its approach to its subject matter."
—*George Jean Nathan, Judge*
LITTLE THEATRE, West 44th Street
Eves. 8:50. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

KATHARINE CORNELL
"The Barretts of Wimpole Street"
EMPIRE THEATRE
Mats. Weds. & Sats.

Gilbert Miller presents
HELEN HAYES
in MOLNAR'S New Comedy
THE GOOD FAIRY "*One of the few triple-starred, immediately recommendable entertainments in town.*"
—*Gilbert Gabriel, N. Y. American*
HENRY MILLER'S Thea., 124 W. 43d St.
Eves. 8:50. Matinees Thurs. & Sat. 2:40

Guthrie McClintic presents
Francine Larrimore in
Brief Moment by
S. N. Behrman
Belasco Theatre

infantile. I wish, though, they wouldn't always show their opinions of us so clearly, and indicate how much they think of us as just nursery types. They are very kind to bring back pictures of bears and lions and penguins from the Poles and the Equator, or where their last jaunts have taken them, but why do they have to patronize us so in the accompanying lecture? Why, in showing us a glimpse of an anteater, must they say in their grown-up voices: "That's an anteater, what a handsome devil he is!" or "Hello, Mr. Tapir"? "Mr. Tapir" tired me a lot and made me very sulky with the collection of explorers' pictures now being shown at the Criterion. "Explorers of the World" the whole album is called, and they show us the usual pictures, and they are certainly boys who have been around a lot.

THE other items of the moment are inconsiderable. I thought Gloria Swanson (gowns by Chanel) inept in "Tonight or Never," and not one sparkle of comedy did I find in the story, from the Belasco play, of the prima donna who must love before she can sing. Well, she loves at last and gets a contract from the Metropolitan out of it, which is a lot more than do most of us, yowl as we may. Lew Ayres appears in a quaint little oddity, "Heaven on Earth," about Mississippi steamboat society and shanty-dwellers, a sort of folklore bit which sometimes seemed worthy of the pretty colloquialism "goofy." At the Strand, which has become a House of Horrors, with its "Public Enemy" and one thing and another, is showing at this moment a little prettiness called "Safe in Hell." "Safe in Hell" is conspicuously advertised as not for children—lest the title be misleading—which is enough to pack the place with the mature. It's about an island which the extradition laws, or lack of them, make a cosy place for criminals, including in this case Dorothy Mackaill as an errant murderess from New Orleans. The picture, crude in all ways, includes the most gruesome shot we have seen on the screen, a shot which is only a glimpse of Miss Mackaill's own fair throat, around which, however, is to be fitted a hangman's noose. —J. C. M.

•

BABY CRITICAL AFTER
FALL IN HOT WATER
—*Headline in the Houston (Tex.) Post Dispatch.*

Any trace of bitterness?

JANET GAYNOR CHARLES FARRELL
in
A wee bit of Scotch
. . . but simply
DELICIOUS
Music by
GEORGE GERSHWIN
A FOX Picture
—And on the Stage—
A MARVELOUS SHOW
ROXY
7th AVE. at 50th ST.

THEATRE GUILD PRODUCTIONS
EUGENE O'NEILL'S Trilogy
Mourning Becomes Electra
Composed of 3 plays
Homecoming, The Hunted, The Haunted
All 3 plays will be presented on one day, commencing at 5:30 sharp. Dinner intermission of one hour at 7. No matinee performances.
GUILD THEATRE, 52d St., West of B'way

REUNION in VIENNA
A comedy by ROBERT E. SHERWOOD
MARTIN BECK Thea., 45 St. & 8 Av. PEn. 6-6100
Eves. 8:40. Mats. Thurs., Fri. & Sat. 2:40

Billy Minsky's
REPUBLIC
BURLESQUE FOLLIES
42nd St. & Broadway
2 BIG SHOWS!
New Year's Eve.
8:30 & MIDNITE—Res. Now
MATINEE DAILY—MID. SHOW SAT.

LESLIE BANKS in "SPRINGTIME FOR HENRY" New Farce by Benn W. Levy
with HELEN CHANDLER
NIGEL BRUCE and FRIEDA INESCORT
"*Undoubtedly the best farce of the year.*"
—*Gilbert Gabriel, the American.*
BIJOU Theatre 45th STREET West of Broadway
Eves. at 8:50. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

MOROSCO Thea. 45th W. of B'way. Eves. 8:45; Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40
The Season's Dramatic Sensation!
PHILIP MERIVALE
in **CYNARA** with
Henry STEPHENSON Phoebe FOSTER Adrianne ALLEN
Best Seats, Eves. $3; Wed. Mat. $2; Sat. Mat. $2.50
Extra Mat. New Year's Day, Fri. Jan. 1st

SAM H. HARRIS
Presents
"OF THEE I SING"
A NEW MUSICAL COMEDY
Book by GEORGE S. KAUFMAN
and MORRIE RYSKIND
Music by GEORGE GERSHWIN
Lyrics by IRA GERSHWIN
with
WILLIAM GAXTON LOIS MORAN VICTOR MOORE
AND A SINGING ENSEMBLE OF 60 VOICES
MUSIC BOX Thea. 45th St. W. of B'way. Eves. 8:30. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:30

TOWN HALL Tues. Eve. at 8:30, DEC. 29 Sun. Eve. at 8:30, JAN. 3
Return of Spain's Greatest Dancer Direct from Madrid triumphs, where she received the Cross of Isabelle the Catholic, first decoration bestowed by the new Spanish Republic.
LA ARGENTINA *NEW PROGRAM*
Tickets $1.50 to $3.00. Now at Box Office (Mason & Hamlin). Management: Metropolitan Musical Bureau

CARNEGIE HALL, JAN. 3. Sunday Eve. at 8:30.
GALA CONCERT in honor of
DON COSSACK 2000th APPEARANCE & FAREWELL FOR THIS SEASON
RUSSIAN MALE CHORUS
Serge Jaroff, Conductor
Mgt. Metropolitan Musical Bureau

IMPERIAL Thea. 45th W. of B'way. Eves. 8:45 Matinees at 2:45
Another Smashing Wynn Hit!
ED WYNN
(THE PERFECT FOOL) in
THE LAUGH PARADE
with JEANNE AUBERT, LAWRENCE GRAY
HOLIDAY MATS: Sat. Dec. 26; Tues. Dec. 29; Wed. Dec. 30; New Year's (Fri. Jan. 1); Sat. Jan. 2. SEATS NOW $1 to $3

4 MATS. XMAS WEEK—WED. DEC. 30 THURS. DEC. 31—FRI. JAN. 1—SAT. JAN. 2
DOUGLASS MONTGOMERY in
FATA MORGANA
with ARA GERALD
ROYALE THEATRE
45th St. W. of B'way. Eves. 8:50. Mats. 2:40

44th St. Thea. W. of B'way. Eves. 8:30 MATINEE EVERY DAY 2:30
The Juilliard School of Music Production of
JACK AND THE BEANSTALK
Book by John Erskine
Music by Louis Gruenberg
Orch. of 36, conducted by Albert Stoessel. Orig. Cast as given at Juilliard School of Music. Concert Hall.
Prices $1 to $3 all Performances

JAMES B. POND presents
CORNELIA OTIS SKINNER
in the novelty sensation of the season
THE WIVES OF HENRY VIII
Preceded by selections from Miss Skinner's Character Sketches
LYCEUM W. 45 ST. | Every Eve., inclu. Sunday, at 8:50. Pop. Price Mats. Thurs. and Sat.

A PAUSE IN THE DAY'S OCCUPATION

THE radio announcer swished his hand through a basin of water that lay at the side of the microphone, and turned to address his unseen audience, an audience composed in this case, presumably, of little ones. "And there goes Uncle Dick in his submarine," he remarked. "So long, Uncle Dick," he added in slightly louder tones.

Uncle Dick, however, was not going away. He had paused just outside the threshold of the studio. "You ought to have more water and a bigger basin, Harry," he said when the announcer had joined him after turning the microphone over to the Zimpani Sextette. "Those kids aren't suckers, you know. They go to school. They know how a submarine sounds. Look at the S 1."

"What do you know about the S 1?" inquired Harry, lighting a cigarette. "When did you ever see the S 1?"

"I wish I had a nickel for every time I've seen the S 1. I used to be a marine, you know, Harry. I was at Belleau Wood. We turned back the Huns at Belleau Wood."

Harry dismissed the fighting activities of the marines at Belleau Wood with a wave of his hand. "What I've often wondered," he said, "is what your attitude is on the stuff you use in your number. You're a grown man. You've been around. You sing Mother Goose stuff, and tell stories about the three bears, and say that if Eugene Feinstein, of 7362 Lefferts Place, Brooklyn, doesn't wash his hands, his parents will be disappointed in him. I should think that by this time you'd have grown pretty cynical."

"I HAVE grown cynical, Harry," replied Uncle Dick with dignity. "I certainly have grown cynical. But I don't make the mistake of thinking you can fool children without doing some hard work and putting your heart into it. What I say is these children go to school. They know more about some things—say the Filipinos—than

'twas the night before Christmas

and all thru the house not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse . . . so interested were they in the thrilling doings on the screen at

the paramount

where there's paramount's "husband's holiday" . . . clive brook torn between love and domesticity, as portrayed by juliette compton and vivienne osborn with wise-cracking by charlie ruggles. bing crosby very much in voice on the stage.

the rivoli-united artists

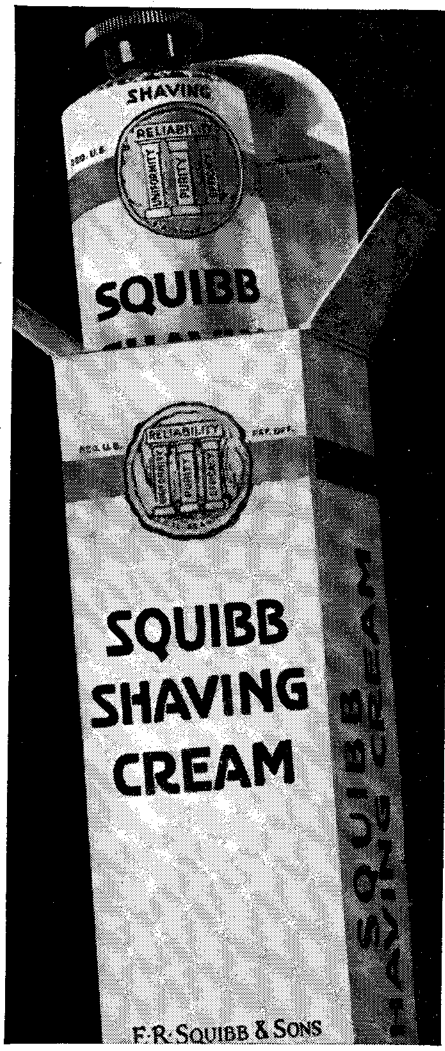
where there's paramount's "sooky" and percy crosby's . . . with jackie cooper taking more wreaths upon his small head . . . bobbie coogan and jackie searle assisting.

the rialto

where there's gloria swanson in "tonight or never" . . . nobly assisted by melvyn douglas . . . david belasco's stage hit so warmed over that it's hot.

luxurious and comfortable these are publix theatres

SHAVING LUXURY!



Ask your druggist for a free trial tube or send 10 cents for a guest-size tube to E. R. Squibb & Sons, Squibb Building, New York.

Perhaps It's Boasting!

But we are justly proud of the fact that one might as easily say "El Chico en la Puerta del Sol" rather than "down in the Village", so Spanish is the atmosphere.

This most unusual of New York's smart European restaurants brings to its guests the ultimate word in artistic entertainment.

A superb cuisine both Spanish and American, for those who like what is different and delicious. Dancing—of course!

Open from 5:30 P.M. till 2 A.M. daily

EL CHICO
80 Grove Street
(at Sheridan Square)

New Year's reservations are in order now

CHelsea 2-4646

you and I do. They learn it in their geography books. And they learn things in their history books, and their arithmetic books. They find all about everything in books like Henry Wells' 'Outline.' You know, they read Henry Wells' 'Outline,' Harry."

"Yes," said Harry. "I know they learn a lot these days."

"I don't make the mistake of thinking children are half-wits. You don't find me talking down to my audience, Harry, like Uncle Tom, over at WDQ. And that's what I mean about this submarine. We ought to pay the children the compliment of being convincing."

"Well, what do you want us to do? Put a bathtub in here?"

"You know, Harry, a submarine makes a long, low ripple when it takes off. If you had a bigger basin, and put your hand sort of vertical to the surface of the water, you'd get the effect."

"What I don't know is why we started the submarine business. The WDQ man just signs off and walks out of the studio. He doesn't use any effects. He just walks out of the studio."

"Yes, and how many letters does he get? I get three letters to his one, Harry, and you know it. Max and May are the only regulars in this office who get more mail than I do."

"Well, mail isn't everything."

"There you go. What other way has a radio artist got of sizing up his stuff except by letters? It isn't like a theatre, Harry, where the people are out in front and clap their hands. In radio, a man has not only an unseen audience but also an unheard audience. That's my point about letters."

IN the studio the leader of the Zimpani Sextette gave a final flourish, wiped his brow, and announced the next number. Harry strolled toward the girl at the reception desk, and Uncle Dick passed slowly to the elevators. "See about that basin, will you, Harry?" he called over his shoulder, as the Sextette, after scraping a tentative bow or two over the strings, went into "Salut d'Amour," by Edward Elgar.

—JOHN LARDNER

•

Angel Guardian High of Jamaica Plain defeated Immaculate Conception High of Revere, 6–0, at Paul Revere Field, Revere, yesterday afternoon.—*Boston Herald.*

And the headline (for we saw it ourself) was: "CONCEPTION STOPPED BY ANGEL GUARDIAN."

THEY'RE RAVISHING!
"Never have I seen you look so . . . what shall I say! And to think that I (God bless my soul) never believed anyone—even *you*—could be so enticingly alluring!"

Would you, too, awake new admiration? EY-TEB of course! New eyelashes as *long* as you want . . . eyebrows pointed wherever you like! Half an hour at your beauty shop, and you can be Ey-Tebbed to your heart's content. Impossible to detect, easy to apply and remove, moderately priced.

and at the EY-TEB Salon at 425 on Fifth Avenue, New York

EY-TEB
Luxuriant Lashes Instant—Secure

Modern Art In Corsetry

Corsets and Corsilouettes
For the Matron and Débutante.
Attractively Priced

Evening Brassières
Strapless—Clinging—Slenderizing

MISS ELEANOR, Inc.
(Formerly with Mme. Binner)
44 West 56th Street, New York
Circle 7-5655

SHORTHAND
& TYPEWRITING IN ONE MONTH
by Prof. Miller, who taught at Columbia University 5 years and who has trained over 4,000 secretaries at the

MILLER INSTITUTE OF SHORTHAND
1450 Broadway at 41st St., N. Y. City

When LILLIAN RUSSELL sang at ◎ ◎ ◎ TONY PASTOR'S

FOLKS *expected* to stand in line at the box office. But today we've found a better way to get tickets. We just telephone BRyant 9-1000 . . . and while we leisurely sip our coffee, a Postal Telegraph Messenger turns up at the door with our reservations.

Call BRyant 9-1000

for tickets to all New York theatres and leading sporting events . . . BOX OFFICE PRICES Plus Fifty Cents Per Ticket and a Small Delivery Charge.

JOE LEBLANG

Central Ticket Agency

BRyant 9-1000

43rd Street and Broadway

in cooperation with

Postal Telegraph

Miss HERMINE

Art Hairdresser

formerly with

Charles of the Ritz

Hotel Plaza

is now in the

Angela Varona Salon

660 Madison Avenue

NEW YORK CITY *Telephone, Regent 4-7118-9*

"A Bit of Spain in Greenwich Village"

The Havana Royal Band

Dancing and Entertainment to 2:30 a.m.

Southern Dinner $1.25—Spanish $1.75

No Cover Charge

EL FLAMENCO

15 Barrow St. at Sheridan Sq., N. Y. C.

Tel. CHelsea 2-4330

Reserve Your Table for New Year's Eve

Aristocrat of Cold Cuts

WESTPHALIAN HAMS

"GREEN TREE" BRAND

Buy whole hams, 16 to 20 lbs. Superior in flavor, they keep and are always ready to serve. Send for booklet. Imported by M. H. Greenebaum, Inc., 220 Greenwich St., N.Y.C.

purely as a *tour de force*, the book is an astounding tribute to Mr. Wells' breadth of vision and his endlessly inquiring mind. As a textbook, or even as a work of general reference, it seems to me to have almost no value whatever, for it treats of too many subjects too discursively for study, and of none exhaustively enough for reference. But if you read it solely for the broad, accurate, and almost cinematographically vivid picture it presents of man in all his diverse attitudes today—at work, at war, eating, buying, building, driving his motorcar, congregating in his parliaments—I don't see how you can fail to be interested and instructed by it.

IT'S a little disconcerting, however, to turn from Mr. Wells to Dr. L. O. Howard, who is convinced that man isn't worth bothering about, since it's only a question of time until we're all exterminated, anyway. The insects, it seems—as his book, "The Insect Menace," published by Century, tells us—have already got the mankind situation pretty well in hand, and hope to eliminate the pests from desirable regions very shortly. Their methods are not confined, as I'd always supposed, to the rather crude ones of stinging us, depositing disease germs on us, and so on, or even to the hardly more subtle one of devouring our fruits and grains before we get a chance to. While the locust and the boll weevil are at work above ground, there are grubs busy in the soil itself, consuming the chemicals which make the plants to grow, there are termites destroying the foundations of our houses.

It's a very lugubrious book to read, and filled with such facts as how many flies one fly can beget in a single season. I wouldn't advise you to read it, if it weren't for the fact that our little enemies are such fascinating creatures after all, and you'll find the book contains a good deal of random information about them, apart from its propaganda. Dr. Howard, by the way, is a former chief entomologist of the Department of Agriculture, so he should know what he's talking about.

—R. M. C.

•

Senior class president, first marshal, leading student in Harvard College, premier athlete of the Crimson, and with youthful good looks in the bargain, Mr. Wood will begin his post-college life with great expectations from an interested public.—*The Times.*

But in a country hardly fit to receive him.

Whitehall

Palm Beach

Opening January 15

Reduced Rate Schedule on Request

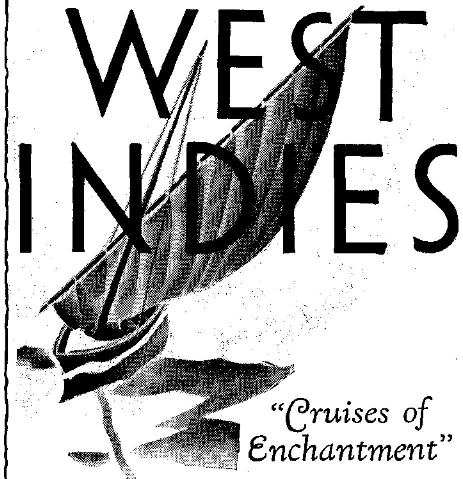
New York Office:

THE BERKSHIRE

21 East 52nd Street

MARTIN SWEENY, *Manager*

PLaza 3-5800



WEST INDIES

"Cruises of Enchantment"

11 DAYS ALL EXPENSES

Afloat and Ashore

$150

Minimum

AGWI LINES

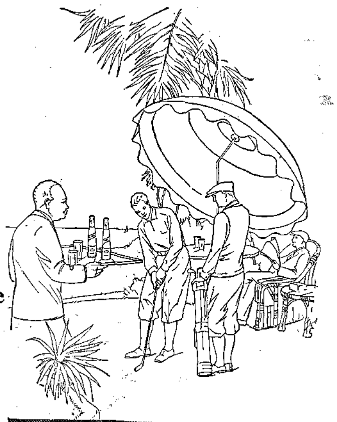
A leisurely cruise to Puerto Rico and Santo Domingo City, (Dominican Republic) with modern luxury on the "Borinquen" and the "Coamo" . . . Dancing and deck sports. Motor trips inland at both ports. All included in one low rate.

A sailing every Thursday. Apply Cruise Department, Ft. of Wall St., or 545 Fifth Ave., N. Y. City, or any authorized tourist agency.

PORTO RICO LINE

Piquant
Personality

He's off!
For playland,
Sunny fairways
And velvet greens.
For many a thrill
Of a well-played hole,
Eighteen a day
Or maybe thirty-six.
With exuberant pals . . .
Never stymied by thirst
At the nineteenth,
● For Clicquot Sec
Makes a perfect fivesome.
● Its piquant personality
Is gaily accepted.
A blender par excellence
Yet delightful alone . . .
Mellow as southern sunshine
Satisfying as a 250-yard drive
Exhilarating as a "birdie"
And zestful!
Distinctively favored
Among so many
Ginger ales.
You'll find it
In locker rooms
And grills
Of fine clubs.
It's "par" for a drink,
Always!



Clicquot Club
SEC

The Ginger Ale with Piquant Personality

BOOKS, BOOKS, BOOKS

H. G. Wells and the World

EXCEPT for the briefest of mention a week or so ago, I've been unable up to now to say anything of H. G. Wells' "The Work, Wealth and Happiness of Mankind," published by Doubleday, Doran, and surely one of the more important of the books that have recently appeared. Now that Christmas is practically over and we all have a little spare time on our hands, we might just look into it.

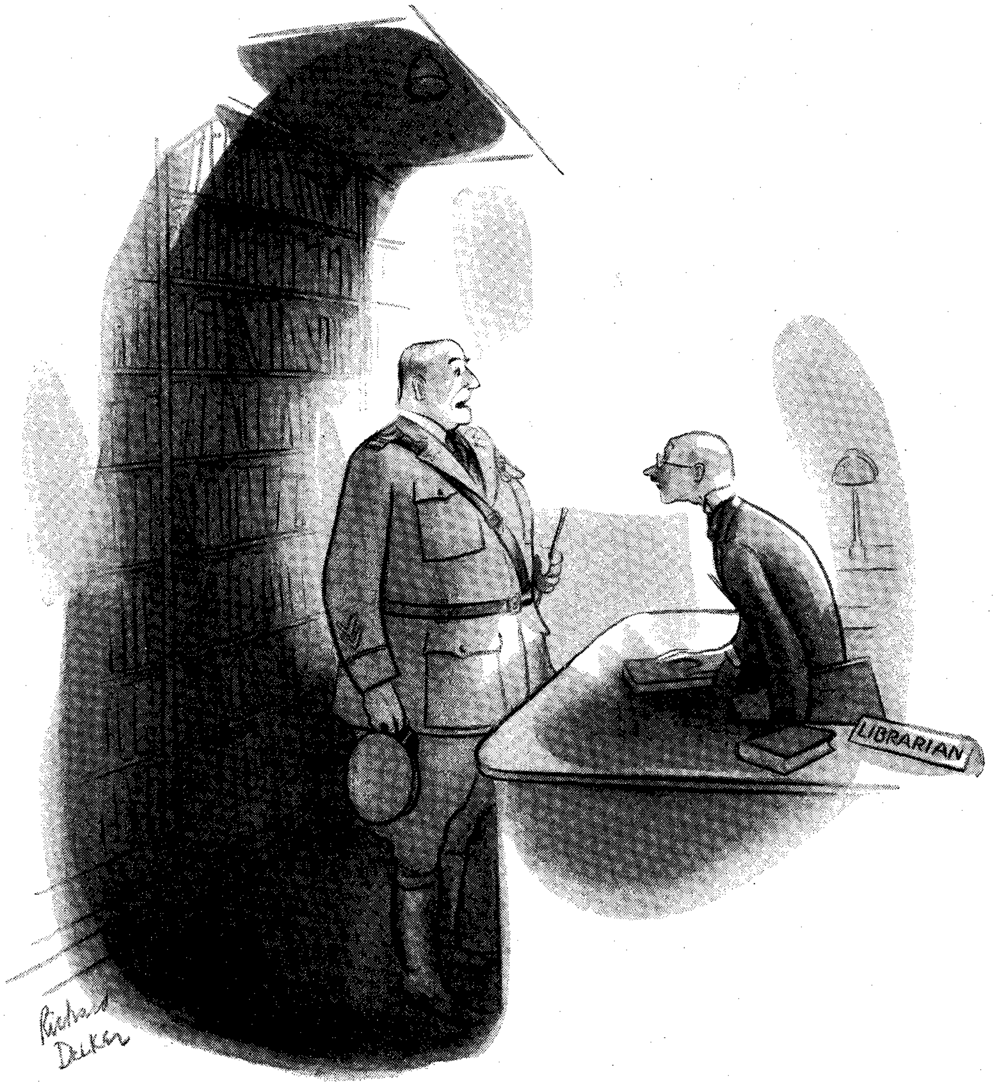
Its purpose, as its title indicates, is to effect a survey of the present social and economic activities of mankind, and it runs to two volumes, comprising some thousand or so pages, so you can see that reading it becomes rather a sizable job. You'll find it, however, on the whole, worth while. Huge as it is, the author's original plan was even huger. Mr. Wells confesses that the present work offers only a kind of outline, or prospectus, of the one he at first contemplated, which would have been truly encyclopedic in scope, and would have treated exhaustively of every aspect of man's social functioning.

The title chosen for this gigantic undertaking was to have been "The Science of Work and Wealth," and though Mr. Wells admits regretfully that it will probably never be written, at least by himself, the project is still so dear to him that he has developed a way of referring to it frequently in his present pages, as if it already had a kind of mythical existence of its own. This practice is not by any means so confusing as it may seem; in fact, it makes considerably for order and clarity in his argument, since it permits him, whenever he desires, to summarize basic facts briefly, and then refer the reader's imagination to the tentative encyclopedia for the chapters of tedious detail that would otherwise have to be gone into. It is, in fact, so convenient a device that I must be pardoned if I make use of it occasionally in this review.

A really comprehensive critique of Mr. Wells' book, then, would begin with a history of the various compendiums of human knowledge that have been prepared in the past, starting away back with Pliny's "Natural History," perhaps, and continuing on to include those gilt-bound "household treasuries," usually compiled by clergymen, which adorned every Victorian library table. It would pause to inquire which type, in this chronology of a species, Mr. Wells' work most resembles, and it would probably conclude, as is biologically to be expected, that it is linked most closely to the more recent, or Victorian, kind.

This similarity, however, is superficial, and not at all discreditable to Mr. Wells; and it goes without saying that his point of view is far different from that of the nineteenth-century authors who set the beginning of civilization in the Garden of Eden and its culmination on the date of publication of their books. But I did find (and very much to my surprise) that in this book Mr. Wells betrays a slight tendency to surrender, like them, to the sheer wonder of the universe, and at times to be almost bemused by the fact that everything is related to everything else—as when, for instance, he bids us be amazed by the corner grocery store, where the merest package of spices calls up pictures of the jungle, savage dances, and so on. This one subject alone, he states, would have occupied an entire volume in the projected encyclopedia, and there would have been another book listing the tools men use, and another dealing with the clothes they wear. One begins to feel it fortunate, both for Mr. Wells and for ourselves, that the encyclopedia was never written. Such matters as these are legitimate cause for wonderment, if one has nothing much else to do, but the philosopher must not spend too much time contemplating them, if he is ever to reach any conclusions at all.

For that matter, however, Mr.



"Could you recommend a good book on military tactics?"

The Fifth Avenue Hotel

An address of distinction that affords the absolute comfort and utter contentment of a real home —at a tariff that challenges comparison. Rooms and suites, cheerful even on drab winter days, with serving pantry and complete and pleasing service . . . Managing Director, Oscar Wintrab. Telephone Stuyvesant 9-6400.

FIFTH AVENUE at 9th STREET

MAINBOCHER
COVTVRE
12 AVENVE GEORGE V A PARIS

TÉLÉPHONE : ÉLYSÉES 27-29
27-30
27-31

CABLE ADDRESS: BOCOMAIN PARIS

. . . THE SMARTEST NEW YORK RESIDENCE FOR WOMEN . . .
A Distinguished Address
. . . A Center of Arts
and Social Activities.

The Barbizon
140 East 63rd Street

And the rates are made to order for the year 1931.
From $12 Weekly
$2.50 Daily

Wells is not primarily concerned with reaching doctrinary conclusions in his present work. His effort has been to remove, as far as possible, all trace of personal bias, and produce a coldly dispassionate textbook of sociology, in the widest application of the term. There are times when his own convictions break through his restraint, however, and it is precisely at these moments that the non-textbook-reading reader will find him most interesting—and, even, most informative. There is an account of the atrocities in the Belgian Congo just before the war, which he treats of as a pure outrage, and not as an instance in his study of various forms of government, and makes the more telling for that reason. There are a bitingly satirical description of the British Parliament in session, and a number of crisp, brief biographies of such personages as Hetty Green, Sir Basil Zaharoff, Alfred Loewenstein, and Henry Ford—all put in, it would seem, mainly because he felt like writing about them, and hence very illuminating reading.

THEN, too, our hypothetical review would contain a long section, tracing the relationship between this book and "The Outline of History," and between the two of them and "The Science of Life." Another chapter, to which experts in special fields would be invited to contribute, would surely be devoted to tracking down the minuter errors in this massive undertaking. The paleontologist would name the exact page on which the author gainsays present assumptions as to the antiquity of man. The economist would question his unreserved praise of Irving Fisher. The militant feminist would attack his all-too-cursory treatment of women in his study of mankind.

The review, conceivably, would go on and on—but mine shan't. Seen

20 MINUTES NORTH OF MIAMI

THIRTY HOURS SOUTH OF BROADWAY

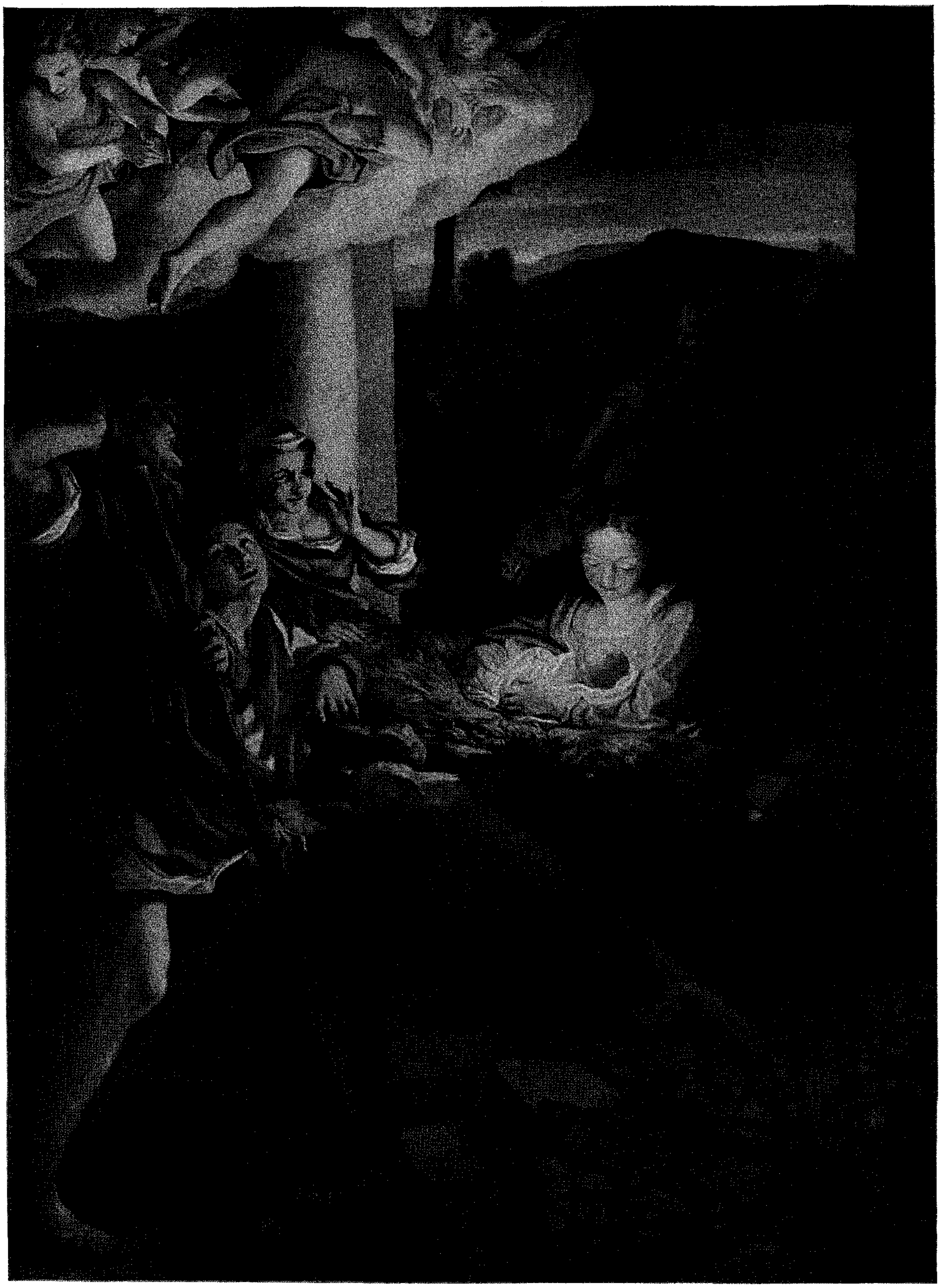
Greater Miami's premier seaside hotel. Five hundred large sunny rooms each with bath and steam heat. Social and sports center of the exclusive North Shore district. Private bathing beach. Private 18-hole golf course, one of Florida's finest, sporty fairways, grass greens, only two minutes away. Convenient to every attraction in the greater Miami area. American Plan with a national reputation for excellence of cuisine. Wire for reservations today.

ON THE OCEAN
HOLLYWOOD
BEACH HOTEL
and GOLF CLUB
HOLLYWOOD · FLORIDA

Hotel MIRABEAU
1, 2, 3 & 4 ROOMS · 28 E. 70 St.
Also under same management
Hotel NAVARRO
112 Central Park, South
1 to 4 Rooms
Hotel WYNDHAM
42 W. 58 St. · *1 to 4 Rooms*
3 Distinctive Homes . . .
Furnished or unfurnished
On Lease or Day-by-Day

AMONG BROADWAY'S BEST
PETRUSHKA
48th Street
Just West of B'way
The splendor of old Russia—transplanted to the heart of Broadway . . romantic folk songs and dances . . . two orchestras . . . dreamy Balalaika and inspiring dance.
DINNER—90c LUNCHEON—60c
also a la carte at popular prices
Reservations—Chickering 4-9728
NO COVER CHARGE EVER

Rodolfo D'Avalos
will enable you to do the
Tango, Rumba, Son, Fox-Trot, Waltz
in the smartest and most genuine manner.
Call for an appointment
48 W. 56th St., Circle 7-7990



"HOLY NIGHT" BY CORREGGIO

At this joyous season we extend our message of peace and good will to all.

POWERS REPRODUCTION CORPORATION

Smoke a FRESH cigarette
SEASON'S GREETINGS
Smoke a fresh cigarette
To
From

This year you can give FRESH cigarettes

NEVER before at Christmas could you give what you can send to friends this year—because this is the first Christmas of Camel Cigarettes in the Camel Humidor Pack.

That means you can give the unmatched flavor of fine, clean, dust-free, fragrant tobacco—in cigarettes which *stay fresh* till the last Camel in the last package has been enjoyed.

Contrast that with the bite-and-burn of dried-out or parched dry tobaccos, and you'll know why Camels make such a welcome gift.

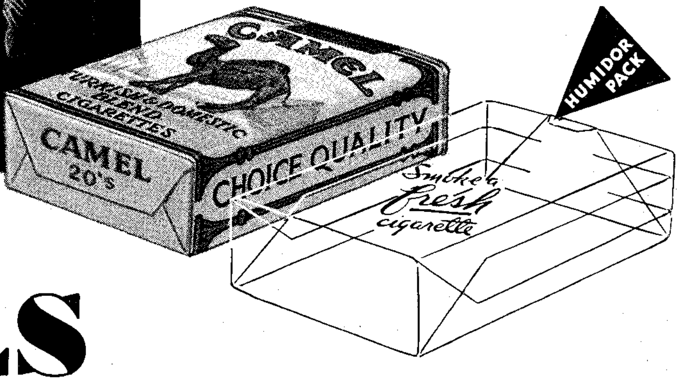
No matter how many miles you send them, no matter if someone else happens to send Camels too—the fine Turkish and mild Domestic tobaccos in Camels will keep mild and cool and throat-easy, thanks to the *moisture-proof* wrapping which seals Camel flavor in the Camel Humidor Pack.

Be smart this Christmas. Make your shopping easy — and your gifts welcome by sending Camels straight through the list.

Tune in CAMEL QUARTER HOUR featuring Morton Downey and Tony Wons — Camel Orchestra, direction Jacques Renard — Columbia System — every night except Sunday

---

● *Don't remove the moisture-proof wrapping from your package of Camels after you open it. The Camel Humidor Pack is protection against perfume and powder odors, dust and germs. Even in offices and homes, in the dry atmosphere of artificial heat, the Camel Humidor Pack delivers fresh Camels and keeps them right until the last one has been smoked*


CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CAMEL 20's
CHOICE QUALITY
HUMIDOR PACK
Smoke a fresh cigarette

CAMELS

Mild **.. NO CIGARETTY AFTER-TASTE**

© 1931, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED